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THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We give a part of the index to the volume for the last year in this number; the remainder will appear in the next double number. We were unwilling to occupy too much of the space usually devoted to readers with so uninteresting a thing as an index, and yet we could not dispense with it altogether.

BEAUTIFUL POETRY.

The Second number is published to-day. The Third will appear on February 15, and thenceforth on the 1st and 15th of each month.

The First number of *Wit and Humour* is published to-day. It will be continued monthly.

THE LITERARY WORLD :

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

On the morning of the 14th of January, one portion of the contents of the *Times* newspaper for that day caused a profound sensation in the literary world; the portion of it, namely, in which Doctor PHILLIPS, graduate of the university of Göttingen, and literary gentleman to the leading journal, reviewed the first instalment of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's *Memoirs of Moore*. Courageously sacrificing originality at the shrine of truth, the Doctor boldly confirmed in its most minute details the verdict which THE CRITIC (and THE CRITIC solely) had passed on that singular specimen of editorial incompetency. Like THE CRITIC, the Doctor reprobated the absence of a connecting narrative, the paucity of annotations, the triviality of most of the letters printed; and, like THE CRITIC, he recommended that in preparing for publication the future volumes of the work, the noble Secretary for Foreign Affairs "should ask the aid of a competent assistant." The first volume of the *Memoirs of Fox*, Lord JOHN RUSSELL's new editorial performance, had been promised for the 20th; but on the evening of the 14th, after the appearance of the Doctor's article, his lordship's new publisher announced that the appearance of the *Memoirs of Fox* would be delayed until after Easter. His lordship's publisher having thus refused to march through Coventry with his lordship, unless there be a change, "three courses" (as the late Sir ROBERT PEEL used to say) are open to his lordship. The first is for his lordship to adopt the suggestion of THE CRITIC and of the *Times*, and "ask the aid of a competent assistant"—a most unlikely course for his lordship to adopt; "competent assistance" being a resource of which his lordship has never yet learned to avail himself. Then again, between this and Easter, his lordship might set to work upon his first volume, and patch it here and there with a view to improvement: this is an old and favourite plan of his lordship's, but has seldom been successful with him. As a third and last course, what does his lordship say to a literary "coalition"? Lord MAHON is not a very brilliant writer, but he is an industrious and conscientious editor; could not some mutual friends open negotiations for a coalition, with a view to a MAHON-RUSSELL editorship? It would seem a very "strong" editorship, and would be lauded as such by all the literary gentlemen of all the organs of public opinion, from the leading journal to the *Leader*; and no doubt most harmoniously and successfully would it work for a chapter or two!

What a pity that the Doctor should have marred the effect of his vigorous denunciation of aristocratico-editorial incompetency, by intruding into his criticism a bombastic expression of silly enthusiasm, *apropos* of the recent appearance of a nobleman or two on the platforms of Mechanics' Institutions. "We declare," says the Doctor "that no praise can exaggerate the merits of the Dukes, Earls, and Barons, who have fairly confessed to assembled multitudes that civilised man has something yet nobler to boast of than magnificent descent, and who, by their acts, have vindicated a glory surpassing that achieved on the battle-field by fire and sword." This is a mighty sonorous sentence, and will have doubtless been read by simple readers with the admiration which the unsophisticated Misses Primrose, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, felt for the jargon of Miss Skeggs and her companion from London: but the not-so-simple reader will be tempted, with Mr. Burchell, to ejaculate "Fudge!" Is it meant to be said of the native country of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY and Lord CHATHAM, of Lord BYRON and Sir ROBERT PEEL, in the adopted land of Mr. BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI and Doctor SAMUEL PHILLIPS, that before 1852 its aristocracy never found out that "man has something nobler to boast of than magnificent descent," and never "confessed" its discovery till some of its members took to gratuitous lecturing in Mechanics' Institutions? If so, the Doctor pays a very poor compliment to the order which he wishes to glorify. In old days the English aristocracy did make that discovery, and did "confess" it in a more useful way than the delivering of gratuitous lectures,—namely, by generous giving of money

and lands; not by vainly attempting to vie with, or usurp the functions of, priest and scholar, but by founding noble endowments to support those classes for ever. His Grace of Bedford owns Covent-garden, property stolen from the church and given to one of his ancestors long ago; and a free library there founded by his Grace would like us quite as well as some questionable establishments in the district which pay his Grace a considerable rent,—quite as well, perhaps, as the portrait of his Grace's brother, the author of the *Nun of Arran*, lately presented by Lady JOHN RUSSELL to the Leeds Mechanics' Institution, in commemoration of that national triumph, his lordship's recent presidential oration! As to "vindicating a glory surpassing that achieved on the battle-field by fire and sword"—("vindicating," Mr. GRAVE presumes, is Caucasian-English for "acquiring," or "coining," or "meriting") according to the Doctor's theory, Lord ELLESMORE, when he lectured at Worsley on the Duke of WELLINGTON, "vindicated" more glory than his Grace "achieved" on the battle-field of Waterloo. *Quod est absurdum!*

Dr. LAYARD, M.P., pushes northward, and has been lecturing on "Nineveh," at Sheffield; Mr. BARING WALL, M. P., somewhere in the south, on "Pottery;" and Mr. CHARLES DICKENS, if the grand Mechanics' Institution talked of at Birmingham is founded by Christmas-time, is to go there and read his "Christmas Carol" for the benefit of the concern—Mr. CHAIELES not being (what a treat!) a lecturer. The Sheffield people are raising a monument to their poet EBENEZER ELLIOTT, whose fierce Radicalism did not prevent him from being cordially welcomed in *Blackwood's Magazine* by the Tory JOHN WILSON; the monument is a statue by a skillful sculptor; and all that remains is to pay for it—not a difficult feat, you would say, for a town like Sheffield. But the "Liberal" north of England, like Miss Trotwood in *David Copperfield*, can never do anything, however simple, without advice; and the "Liberal" north of England, like Miss Betsy, has always "Mr. Dick" to consult in the person of Mr. RICHARD COBDEN. So the Sheffield people wrote lately to their "Mr. Dick," explaining about their statue, and asking an opinion. When little David lay all dirty on the sofa, and Miss Betsey asked counsel from her friend, "Wash him" was Mr. Dick's reply. "Canvass for subscriptions" was Mr. RICHARD COBDEN's reply to his Sheffield interrogators. Amazing wisdom! Unadorned eloquence! More questionable was an *addendum* of Mr. RICHARD'S, that he would vote for a grant from the League-fund to the Elliott-monument. Miss Trotwood's Mr. Dick, in like manner, had always some foolish rider to his wisest *dictum*! As the League-fund exists chiefly upon paper, Sheffield had better, in this instance, rely upon the voluntary principle. Your generosity to ELLIOTT comes rather late, Mr. RICHARD! When the Anti-Corn Law League pretended to dissolve in 1846, and its "council" met to divide, voting 10,000*l.* to this Ex-Jesuit and to that, and "silver tea-services" to all and sundry, then was the time, with money really in hand, to have voted an ELLIOTT testimonial. The poet did not need your money, but a tea-service would have cheered his heart. Sheffield will do well to decline a tardy grant from an imaginary "fund!"

Mr. DICKENS does not go to Birmingham till Christmas; but the emporium of steel-pens and plated goods has had another festival since those recorded here a fortnight ago. "His Excellency, the American Minister," (who, if not an Envoy Extraordinary, is certainly an extraordinary envoy), has had a dinner given to him at Birmingham, and talked as usual a good deal of the droll English. A literary trait in his Excellency's speech is worth noting. He had been singing the praises of his "great" country, and, with a touching recognition of intellectualism, hinted that even in the book line it could produce a saleable article—witness a certain recent popular work, with the sentiments of which he, of course, on that occasion (like Mr. GRAVE on this), had nothing to do. A person, who called himself a "clergyman of the Church of England," and who responded to the toast of "The Church," caught fire at his Excellency's hint, and (before proposing the Ministers of all Denominations, responded to by Mr. DAWSON, of "The Church of the Saviour") talked rapturously of the excellent works on theology produced by the United States. Does the reverend gentleman mean the revelations of the Poughkeepsie seer, or of Joe Smith, or of the Spirit-rappers? Mr. DAWSON was in great feather, full of "wit and wisdom," as Mr. Examiner hath it. Mr. DAWSON should reserve his "wit and wisdom" for the approaching new trial of CONSTANT DERRIDA MORODA *versus* DAWSON, TINDER and others; he will probably need them.

From Mr. INGERSOLL'S Model-Republic, tidings keep coming of the triumphal progress of Mr. THACKERAY. At New York, he won golden opinions from all sorts of men. Preceded by Mr. BANCROFT'S certificate of respectability, and accompanied by the announcement that the Duchess of SUTHERLAND had attended his lectures in London, Mr. THACKERAY has been lionised to an immense extent, by the aristocracy of New York, where journalists are careful to inform us that he appears at evening *soirées* in "polished boots and a white cravat." If Mr. GRAVE remembers rightly, Mr. DICKENS' nose was the physical feature respecting which there was most curiosity when that

eminent novelist visited the States, and surely there is somewhere in the *American Notes* a chapter full of description of the various scientific and tactical investigations to which the Author of *Pickwick's* organ of smell was subjected in some American town. The New York journalists preserve, on the whole, a delicate silence (very creditable to them) on the subject of Mr. THACKERAY's nose; but they are eloquent about his legs; and when the last mail left, a controversy was raging among them on this matter, one party maintaining that "he stands very firm on his legs," while the opposition asserted that his legs were decidedly "shaky." Some ingenious New York booksellers turned his lectures to good commercial account, by bringing out (with new title-pages) copies of an old stereotype edition of FIELDING and SMOLLETT, that had long hung fire, and they made a very "smart" thing of the speculation; so much so that the Evangelical newspapers have been forced to make a protest! From New York Mr. THACKERAY proceeded to Boston; but at the latest advices public opinion there had not come to any harmonious conclusion respecting his merits. The Boston mind (at the latest advices) had been engaged in discussing the commercial aspects of the phenomenon,—whether Mr. THACKERAY had a right to charge so much more for his lectures than was generally paid to EMERSON, or to a certain "WHIPPLE" or to the "Hon. RUFUS CHOATE," who seems to be a rising man in those parts.

THACKERAY'S "success"—he being *feted* by the Yankees and dedicating to one of the richest of English Lords a novel that arrives at a second edition in a fortnight,—was lately described as complete. Not less complete is that of Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD who once more edits a prosperous weekly newspaper ("the largest and cheapest in the world"), and whose play of *St. Cupid*, written to royal order, has just been acted before her Majesty; by way of pendant to representations of SHAKSPEARE'S plays at Windsor. What years of mild reproach from Mr. *Punch* have had to elapse before SHAKSPEARE has been able to find his place of refuge alternate between Sadler's Wells and—Windsor Castle. No doubt, even aesthetically, the Most Illustrious Lady in the land finds no reason to regret a patronage of English drama before the opera season begins. SHAKSPEARE may be a little *passé*, and DOUGLAS JERROLD not quite the ideal of a dramatist; but surely they are more entertaining than a handful of male and female foreigners (belonging to the most contemptible nation in Europe) pumping, with absurd gesticulations, artificial and meaningless noises from out their guttles.

THACKERAY'S and JERROLD'S successes belong to the pleasant phenomena of literature, which has its unpleasant phenomena also, such as the recent lawsuit between publishers MURRAY and BOGUE, and the reappearance of BOHN and PANIZZI in fresh antagonism at Bow-street. MURRAY laid an action against BOGUE for pirating his *Handbook of Switzerland*; BOGUE having brought out a similar work to MURRAY'S. On the whole, especially as, owing to defects of registration, the *first* edition only of MURRAY'S *Handbook* could be brought in accusation, Vice-Chancellor KINDELEY decided, though very doubtfully, in favour of BOGUE; but, by way of solace to MURRAY'S feelings, he wound up by saying that the inferiority of BOGUE'S work was so evident that its competition could do no harm. BOGUE asserted that he had given strict injunctions to his *employé* not to filech from MURRAY'S work; but there was an unfortunate German book made use of, which contained a great deal of *Murray*, who thus, through a German strainer (as it were), found himself decanted into *Bogue*. The blame (if blame there be) would appear to lie with Mr. F. K. HUNT, the editor of *The Daily News*, who was employed by BOGUE to execute the *Handbook*. It is but fair, however, to add that mention is made of another "hand," a "literary gentleman," who, it is to be hoped, enjoys a real existence, bearing, as he does, the ominous name of — WALKER! PANIZZI and BOHN, last Thursday, were luckily represented by counsel, and thus denounced each other in a comparatively harmless because vicarious fashion. Mr. JARDINE, the police magistrate, inflicted merely nominal penalties upon Mr. BOHN (to whom, for his acknowledged merits, he paid a graceful compliment), and advised PANIZZI to assert his undeniable claims to a copy of every new book in a rather milder and more gentlemanly way. It was much to draw from the police magistrate an avowal that in his opinion the law was a harsh one, and pressed unjustly upon a certain class. The next thing must be to try and get the law abrogated or modified. No! not the next thing. The next thing should rather be to see that PANIZZI'S practice accords with his professions, and that he deals with Mr. MURRAY or Mr. LONGMAN as severely as with Mr. BOHN or with Mr. CHAPMAN. A slight inspection at the catalogue would settle this point. How a Paris or German bookseller must chuckle when he reads an account of one of these museum cases, and thinks of the money he draws from the British nation which plunders its own booksellers!

That notable specimen of the provincial publishing-enterprise of the eighteenth century, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is arriving, one is glad to hear, at still another and improved edition, of which the first instalment will be published on the 1st of March. Mr. LONGMAN, too, who described pathetically to Lord

CAMPBELL his long and fruitless search (like the ancients for an honest man) after a competent editor for a new issue of *Johnson's Dictionary*, thinks he has found the right man at last, in Dr. LATHAM, the ethno-philologist, a learned but limited person. Etymology Dr. LATHAM, no doubt, is great in; but etymological knowledge is but one-half of the qualification for editing *Johnson's Dictionary*; vast literature is no less requisite to bring the quotations up to the mark of the day: there should be two editors, one for each department. But Mr. LONGMAN is unlucky in his editorial arrangements. The new number of the new Editorship of the *Edinburgh* is the dullest (and that is saying a good deal) that has appeared for many a day; and the writers of its opening and concluding articles might profit by a careful perusal of CORBETT'S *English Grammar*, or any *Easy Steps to English Composition*, of which Mr. LONGMAN may happen to be the publisher! That quondam-politico-economic sage of *The Edinburgh*, (now supplanted or succeeded by GREG) Mr. WILLIAM RAMSAY McCULLOCH, of her Majesty's Stationery Office (the McCawdy of CARLYLE'S *Latter-Day Pamphlets*), threatens the Literary World with a new treatise (provoked into existence by Australian and Californian gold), to be entitled *Money, Exchange, Interest*. When the essays of TAUCHER and CHEVALIER, mere Frenchmen, are translated, shall McCULLOCH of her Majesty's Stationery-office remain silent? Is he not a Scotchman and a brother? Surely economic, and not philanthropic in its tone, will be the forthcoming work, *Crime, its Amount, Causes, and Remedies*, by FREDERICK HILL, "Inspector of Prisons," brother to MATTHEW DAVENPORT HILL, the Rhadamantine recorder of Birmingham, who proposed that every person without visible means of substance, should be forthwith laid by the heels, as in state of nascent criminality! Often, how often, has Mr. GRAVE proclaimed that Mr. JOHN HILL BURTON, the biographer of DAVID HUME, was composing a *History of Scotland* from 1689 to 1748; and now at last it is advertised. Sir JAMES STEPHEN is busy with "studies" for his great work on French history, and is about to publish a *History of France* for the youthful mind, and compiled out of SISMONDI and Co. Lord JOHN RUSSELL's literary activity seems to grow with what it feeds on; and a new edition of his *Life of Lord William Russell* is among his Lordship's promises. Poor HAYDON'S *Diaries* are at last on the point of appearing, "edited and continued to his death" by ex-Professor TOM TAYLOR, once of *Punch*, now of the *Board of Health*. The British Muse is silent; but from beyond the Atlantic WHITTIER, the loud Quaker-poet of New England, promises fresh strains: *The Chapel of the Hermits*. Nothing daunted by the critics, our own venturesome Mr. CAYLEY has been perpetrating more English *terza rima*; and his version of DANTE'S *Inferno* will soon be followed by the *Purgatorio*. From DANTE what a stride to DUMAS, whose *Maitre-d'armes* is to appear in English, translated by the Marquis of Ormonde! — a title that recalls other thoughts than of DUMAS. The new novel of the authoress of *Margaret Maitland* is to be called *Harry Muir*. And, while Mr. GRAVE writes, are not hundreds reading Miss BRONTE'S long-expected *Villette*, dewy-wet from the circulating library?

The Great Education Question, which embraces so wide a region, from Christ Church and Trinity College to the humblest dame-school, is making itself felt in the activity of Paternoster-row. The Cambridge Commissioners are issuing printed *Documents* by way of supplement to their report and evidence. The unwearied Mr. JAMES HEYWOOD, M.P. for North Lancashire, has in hand *The Recommendations of the Oxford University Commissioners: with Selections from their Report, and a History of Subscription Tests*—which last Mr. HEYWOOD aims at abolishing. The English College of Preceptors has its monthly organ—*The Educational Times*; so likewise *The Educational Institute of Scotland*—a modest periodical, *The Scottish Educational Magazine*. There is talk of a new and general "organ," to be entitled *The Educational Expositor*. The new Government, it is said, is to issue "a Commission" to inquire into the state of the endowed schools. More blue books! *Quousque tandem?*

FRANK GRAVE.

THE GUILD OF LITERATURE.
TO SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART., M.P.,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
Sir,—Now that the Promoters of the Guild of Literature, of which you are the President, have finished their theatrical campaigns, and are selling off their "stage" and other "properties," it is said, with every likelihood of truth, that you and they are about to apply the fund collected to some of the purposes of the Guild, so that this ideal scheme for the organization of literature is on the point of passing, or of attempting to pass, into a substantial and would-be beneficent reality. The present, therefore, is surely the fitting time for an expression of opinion on the part of those who, approving of your intentions, and applauding your exertions, have practical objections to urge against any of the principles or details of the

scheme, or who have practical suggestions to make for modifying the nature of its motive power, or for improving its machinery. It is as a person who approves of your intentions and applauds your exertions, but who has such practical objections to urge, and such suggestions to make, that I now address you, the President and originator of the Guild. Proceeding not from any hostile, nor from any unfriendly, feeling, but from a sincere desire to promote the ends you have in view, my objections and suggestions cannot possibly do mischief; and, for the rest (since this is purely a business letter), they shall be stated as briefly and simply as is consistent with comprehensibility and distinctness.

To begin with that first consideration—the financial—which rears its threatening front at the threshold of almost every practical enterprise in this world—How are you to raise the money? Just consider what you propose to yourselves to do. You are to permanently provide for, or temporarily pension, three sorts and conditions of men of letters. Class No. I. is to consist of the aged, sick, maimed or otherwise disabled, who are fairly prostrate and look wistfully for your bounty, which surely it is right to bestow. Class No. II., again, comprises men of mature years, of proved abilities, and of a certain proved enthusiasm for literature; these are to have during life their three or four hundred a year each, and continue to be literary, without anything like entire dependence on the publisher or newspaper editor, whom certainly it is desirable not to be entirely dependent on. Again, Class No. III. is composed of promising youths, with their annual hundred a-piece for a few years, till it is seen whether they have anything in them—a very charitable design. To raise a fund for these purposes, you have appealed and appealed with fair success, to royal, noble, and the public's bounty. You have brought into play, and have probably well-nigh exhausted the chiefest possible attraction to woo money from the pockets of the general public—the histrio exhibition, namely, of their persons, by the most successful authors and artists of the day in a clever comedy, written for the occasion by yourself, the most successful dramatist of the day. And the result (very fair one) of these exertions is a sum of 8,000. Let us suppose even that by a dead-lift effort at starting you convert this into 10,000!—what then? At five per cent. it would yield 500 a year, and this would be at once eaten up by five youths (of Class No. III.) with their annual hundred a-piece. Again the terrible and perplexing question recurs—Where are you to get the money?

It is true that, by boldly adding Faith and Hope to that Charity which you already so gracefully evince, you might start your scheme in good feather by setting it to live upon your capital, and you might fondly trust that, by reiterated appeals to the public, you would procure from year to year the very large annual sum required for the endowment of the three classes of the Guild. But how perilous such an experiment! Without any definite assurance that you could keep up the payments promised, you would be alluring into Milton-street the youngsters of Class No. III., away from the counter, the desk, it may be the spinning-jenny, and the plough-tail; and if in a few years your enterprise founders—where would they be? Smaller, but still considerable, would be the harm done to the members of Class No. II., who, relying upon you, would break off or diminish their intercourse with Paternoster-row, and rue too late their misplaced confidence. The public is, indeed, generous with its subscriptions, but it is a fitful and changeable generosity, already heavily burdened, and in the coming years, with their swarm of nascent political, social, and religious agitations, likely to be more heavily burdened than ever. Perhaps, then, rightly suspicious of the "voluntary principle," you would apply to the House of Commons for an annual grant out of the Consolidated Fund. Alas! with what small chance of success, in these days of retrenchment and revolt against taxation, no one knows better than yourself! Nay, there is a principle involved in the very existence of your Guild, which cuts away at once any reasonable ground for confidently depending on the steady support either of the public or of the state, even if either of these seemed disposed to promise it you at starting. Yours is to be a free, unfettered Guild, open, without tests or subscriptions, to men of all modes of belief, political, religious, and social. You would not reject from Class No. III. a penniless SHELLEY, or from Class

No. II., an indigent GODWIN. Yet the earliest use men like these might make of your pension, might be to exegitate theoretic poetry, and poetic theory, at the first hint of which Her Majesty would withdraw her patronage, and His Grace of Devonshire his annual subscription! Take a much milder case. Some years ago, in a note to *The New Timon*, you yourself complained that Mr. SHERIDAN KNOWLES had not been pensioned. Not long afterwards, he was pensioned, and his favourite literary pursuit has since been the manufacture of polemical treatises against Rome. Suppose Mr. KNOWLES to be a member of your Class No. II., and the Guild to be endowed by the State. Each year, when the grant came to be voted, what an outcry from the Irish Roman Catholic members! In fact, pecuniary dependence on the public or on the State, to be continuous, would require from each member of the Guild the sacrifice of his mental independence. You would not wish that, Sir EDWARD? Ease of means is good, but liberty of thought and of speech is better. It was D'ALEMBERT, was it not, who said that the motto of the man of letters should be "Poverty," but he added to it the words, "Truth" and "Freedom"?

Is there then conceivable no financial scheme by which a steady and permanent income could be raised to "support the dignity" of the Kingdom of Letters? I see, or think I see one "looming in the distance!" What do you say to the notion of proposing to the Legislature that, in its great mercy and benevolence, instead of (as at present), absolutely and entirely confiscating all literary property when the latter has existed a certain number of years, it should devote a very small fraction of the value of a book whose copyright has expired to the funds of your Guild of Literature? You know the charitable intent which has led the Legislature to take away, after certain term of years, all property in a man's book from himself, his heirs, executors and assigns, and make a present of it to Paternoster-row. "Have a perpetual copyright," said the Legislature, "and you have a perpetual monopoly. MILTON'S and BURNS' poems will be always in the hands of some one heir, executor or assignee, who may put what price he likes upon them." But is there no middle course between absolute monopoly and absolute confiscation, between a law which would make the present heir of SHAKESPEARE perhaps the richest man in the kingdom, (richer than Mr. HUDSON himself!) and one which allowed MILTON'S grand-daughter to sink into such penury, that she gladly accepted the proceeds of a benefit at Covent Garden, and which, in our own day, forced Mr. ROBERT CHAMBERS to circumnavigate the Literary World in quest of a few pounds for the sister of ROBERT BURNS? I think there is. I think it would be possible, feasible and just to enact, that when a book's copyright-term has run, and it is seized upon by Paternoster-row, the latter shall pay into your treasury a certain sum for each edition of the book published, or for each copy of the book sold. I think if you could procure from Parliament a charter of incorporation with such a clause in it, you might go to-morrow into the money-market (without troubling his Grace of Devonshire), and borrow upon such security a very fair sum to start with. The copyright of the great authors who have made our last half century resplendent in literary history, will keep dropping in all through the coming half-century, and the Guild, with such an enactment, might be flourishing indeed. What a consolation to yourself, Sir EDWARD, and to Mr. DICKENS, the thought that long after death, your books might be subscribing year after year to the institution which you founded, and that if any future DICKENS, or future BULWER should (which Heaven forefend), come to want, he might go boldly for aid to the Guild which owed its existence, and owes it partial support to his ancestor, instead of betaking himself to the manager of Covent Garden, or beseeching some future ROBERT CHAMBERS to circumnavigate the Literary World, on a voyage of subscription-seeking!

Have the goodness to remark, my dear Sir EDWARD (pardon the familiarity), how the origin of such a fund would go far to mitigate, and even to abolish that unhappy peculiarity of your scheme, which, as it stands, makes it abhorrent to the feelings of most of the residents in our street—I mean its unmixed eleemosynary nature. Now the detestability of eleemosynary (to coin a word), may spring from two sources—the character of the receiver, or the character of the giver. JOHNSON was proud enough; you

remember the story of the shoes; but he accepted without misgiving a pension from his sovereign, because he venerated that sovereign. Some of the poorest of my friends in Milton-street here are among the proudest; but they would not reject a gift from a good fellow whom they knew, although they would rather not be obliged to his Grace of Devonshire, excellent nobleman though he may be. But surely the proudest of us need not be ashamed, nay might be glad to augment his income from a fund accumulated out of fines payable on the seizure of lapsed copyrights. Each would say to himself "had I not got it, it would have gone into the pocket of Paternoster-row," and as he drew his quarter's income, he might (though improperly), chuckle with malicious glee at the discomfiture of our hereditary foes, the booksellers!

"This is a scheme," however, you may reply, "that must long merely loom in the distance, and would require a manipulation of Parliamentary and public opinion that we are not willing to enter on. Besides," you may continue, "we do not need your advice, Mr. SMITH! we have plans of our own for raising the requisite funds, plans with the brilliant success of which we intend soon to astonish the Literary World." Be it so, Sir EDWARD! I am glad to hear it. But I would say still, whatever the means at your command, mitigate, mitigate, I pray you, the eleemosynary character which your scheme at present bears. This can be done so simply. If the man of letters is to receive from the Guild, let him give to it in return as much as is possible. I proceed to explain what I mean. Let us begin with Class No. I. "The worn-out veterans of literature!—they have nothing to give." I beg your pardon, they can give the copyrights of their works. Thus, for instance, Mr. DICKENS and his friends acted a few years ago for the benefit of a gentleman who has since been pensioned, Mr. POOLE, the author of *Paul Pry*. I presume that if your Guild had been in active existence, Mr. POOLE would not have been pensioned by the Crown, but would have been placed in your Class No. I. The other day, the Americans reprinted one of his books. In a short time, there will be an international copyright treaty with America. Supposing, then, Mr. A., a literary veteran, to be on your class No. I, let the copyrights of all works published by him before he entered the Guild belong to the Guild, and in the case of American and British reprints, let the sum which would accrue to the author go into the treasury of the Guild. Mr. A., the literary veteran, after he has been placed upon your fund, will not probably write any more books, and it is needless to speculate upon them. But there is Mr. B., in your class No. II, a gentleman in the prime of life and the bloom of his abilities. You make Mr. B. comfortable for the rest of his days, why should not a large definite

proportion of the profits of any work he may publish after he enters the Guild—why should not they accrue to its general fund? Let us take the case of a high, proud poet (I have one in my eye who is pensioned by the Crown) who needs only leisure and ease to produce works that after a few years' existence in print pay the publisher. You, not the Ministers of the Crown, but private individuals, go to this proud poet, and offer him a pension for life; he will probably spurn it. But if you explain to him that a large portion of the profits of his future works is to accrue to the Guild, and that in fact the latter may possibly gain by the transaction, it becomes in some measure a commercial speculation, and ten to one he accepts your offer.

But it is in the case of the promising youths of your Class No. III., that the eleemosynary character of your scheme looks most offensive, and would, in practice, prove most injurious. I can conceive few literary phenomena more painful to the public and to himself than the spectacle of a young fellow of nineteen or twenty, turned loose upon society with 100*l.* a-year for doing nothing, but with something great expected from him—looming in the distance! The bursaries and scholarships at the Universities are very different matters from your pension; for at the universities there is a definite course (such as it is) of duty and of study to be pursued. You, yourself, Sir EDWARD, in the novel you are now publishing in *Blackwood's Magazine*, have presented to the public a picture of a young man of genius, entering upon a literary life in London. But you do not, on starting at least, give him a hundred a-year and send him to his roses and nightingales to fancy he sees an epic loom. On the contrary, you introduce him to a robust, industrious and successful man of letters (I think I recognise the friendly original) who gives him some wholesome task-work to perform. Do the same, Sir EDWARD, with your youngsters of Class No. III. There is many an extensive literary enterprise, on which you and your friends could employ forty or fifty youths, for which Paternoster-row would willingly advance the funds and which would repay it, you, and the youths themselves. What do you say to a General Biographical Dictionary, executed by Class No. III., under the supervision of yourself and your friends;—a Literary Pantheon of the Dii majorum, minorum, and even minima rum, gentium of the World? There is not in English, any general Biographical Dictionary worthy of the name, and what room in the diversity of subjects, for adapting the theme to the special talents and tastes of the young artists! The Society of Useful Knowledge began one a few years ago, but it broke down, naturally and properly. The committee who supervised were pedants; the contributors were mostly pedants; and the editor a most decided pedant, though a

worthy one. What a work, in this kind, might be executed by Class No. III., labouring under the superintendence of BULWER, a DICKENS, a FORSTER, a CUNNINGHAM!

I must not conclude without noticing (though perhaps it is scarcely worth notice) the defence which you put on record, in your recent speech at Manchester, against the charge of eleemosynariness brought against the scheme of the Guild. You said that your pensions were to be granted in requital of services performed, and the "services" turned out to be one lecture yearly at a Mechanics' Institution! Why the most popular lecturer in England may be had for ten guineas; you might as well give a mendicant a sovereign for telling you what o'clock it is, and call your gift his wages. Surely it would be better to discard this item from your scheme; there is quite enough as it is of amateur gratuitous lecturing, which is far from fair to the professional lecturer. That other item had better be discarded, too; the compulsory Life Insurance enactment, which was well enough when you contemplated acting in concert with the Athenaeum Assurance Society, a design which has been prudently abandoned. To assist the families, and, in some cases, the descendants, even of literary men, may well form a new portion of your scheme; into your own funds, therefore should be paid any life-assurance premium which you may make a condition of membership.

Now must I conclude without performing a final duty, I feel confident I may say on the part of the denizens of Milton-street, that of thanking you and your coadjutors for your and their expenditure of time and effort in bringing the Guild of Literature to its present tense of paupost futurity. You and they, it is true, may be, and have been, accused of being actuated by a love of self-display in the course you have pursued. That vanity may have influenced the exertions of all of you, one would be disposed neither to assert nor to deny; but it could be wished that vanity always took a direction so favourable to the best interests of the community, depending largely, as these do, on the dignity and prosperity of the literary class. That your scheme, as it stands, is, on the whole, impracticable, and, if practicable, would, in part, be injurious, I believe, and have shown why I so believe. But its very ventilation must prove beneficial—its very failure lead in time to something deserving and certain of success, and with the consciousness that, in the remarks with which I have troubled you, I have sought honestly to forward the arrival of so desirable a consummation, I think that I may safely venture to request of you, Sir, to accept the assurance of my distinguished consideration, and further to have the goodness to believe me to

Have the honour to be, &c., &c., &c.,
HERODOTUS SMITH.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

MR. WARD, the inventor of those pleasant little ferneries which are now seen in most of our town drawing-rooms, cheering the eye with the rich green of nature, has just published a second edition of the treatise in which he unfolded to the public his experiences of the construction and management of these miniature gardens. In the volume before us, which is entitled *On the Growth of Plants in closely-glazed Cases*, he describes minutely how the ferns are to be planted, how treated according to the natural conditions of their growth. Then he tells how, by the same process, seeds and plants may be carried in safety from one end of the world to the other, and how the poor may have cheap glazed cases, and indulge that love of plants which is inherent in man's nature, and which belongs alike to poor and rich. Thanks be to Mr. Ward for his invention, and for the volume that teaches us how best to take advantage of it.—Mr. Bohn's *Scientific Library* has received the most valuable addition yet made to that admirable design, in a new edition of CHALMERS'S "Bridgewater Treatise" on the *Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man*. This was the most popular, the most original, and in every respect the best, of the series of treatises to which it belonged; for it was full of thought, bold and novel in its views, close in its arguments, and interesting in its facts. The reproduction of it in this cheap form, so that the poorest may possess it, is an enterprise for which Mr. Bohn is entitled to something more than

the publisher's reward; it is a public service that is to be applauded.—Mr. A. B. JONES has sent us a volume, entitled *Observations on Diseases and Loss of the Teeth*. We do not find in it much of novelty to call for an addition to the many previous works on the same subject. Its most useful portions will probably be those that describe the mechanical processes for the extraction of old teeth, and the supplying of artificial ones. These instructions by an experienced man will be acceptable to Dentists, but they have little interest for the public or the profession.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Times of Dante Alighieri. By Count CESARE BALBO. Translated from the Italian, by F. J. BUNBURY. 2 vols. London.

(Continued from page 11.)

In modern literature the composition of biographies occupies a wide, imposing, and important space. Our great writers, such as Carlyle and Disraeli, seize upon a life and its distinctive facts as one mode of showing the features of their own individual thoughts and opinions. We have this strongly exemplified in the biographies of John Sterling and Lord George Bentinck. Hence it is that modern biographies have a dual interest and meaning. In the days of Dante biography was less popular, less usual, and, we presume, less

profitable, and therefore it is that after the banishment of the poet there is considerable uncertainty as to his wanderings and travels. There is, however, no uncertainty regarding the bitter torrent of the illustrious exile's invectives, for this he has amply recorded in his *Commedia*. If we wanted a man as a stern persecutor, or a relentless antagonist, he could be easily found in the religious or political convert, whose conversion owes less to calm reflection than to the irresistible force of private passion or public events. Dante, the exile, embracing Ghibellinism as an excitement to his awakened emotions, not as a propitiation to his wounded heart, is a picture that we never observe but with pity and regret. The grandeur of the poet's vengeance only shows too plainly the weakness of humanity. The poet turns his Ghibelline wrath against the whole Guelph party, with whom in his happy youth he was identified, next against the Popes, the originators of the party, and then against the French Princes.

In the latter half of 1304 Dante went to the University of Bologna; after which we find him at Padua, and during this time, about two years, he devoted his mind closely to study, and gradually ceased to take part in the factions of his fellow-citizens. His residence at the University was principally caused by his youthful son

having come to him for instruction from Florence. About this time Dante was separated from his fellow-exiles, and was thrown almost abruptly back on the stability and fertility of his own mind. Other men might have wrought great works from communion with brother sufferers; but Dante required to feel the silence and solitude of his luminous soul, to gaze alone and unattended, save by God and his genius, into the profundity of his nature, before he could bequeath a legacy to all time. All the great works of Dante were composed during his exile, and we trace the outlines of his situation, we mark the long quivering shadows falling upon the artist's canvas, but we can only guess, and that ineffectually, of the consuming sorrow of the brain, of the destroying struggle of the heart. To have left a wife and children whom he loved to the tender mercies of enemies, was a condition hard to bear, and a stoic's faith could have never made it easy. It is no wonder, therefore, that poor Dante eagerly desired to return to Florence—that he, as it is stated, showed deep humility, and tried by good offices and a conciliatory deportment to gain favour with the rulers. He wrote many times to persons connected with the government, and to the people. The yearning to return to the hearth of his boyhood—so natural and so human—was strengthened by a return to a life of study at the universities of Bologna and Padua. The first fruit which ripened from this study was the *Convito*, a work that by no means shows the full development of the poet's mind. It is not unworthy of Dante, and it gives us some clear glimpses of the poet's early life; but it is little more than a vagrant ray breaking from the sun of his genius. Assuming that Dante wrote the *Convito* during his exile, although denied by some commentators, he must at the same time have been strengthening and amplifying the ideas of his great work, which had previously been conceived, and which subsequently fell from his pen like drops of liquid fire. Dante in this stage of his exile reminds us of John Milton in the midst of his political crusade, still letting his wings grow for a bolder and a braver flight.

Count Balbo is right when he asserts that some, and we think too many, persons in judging a book attach more weight to the learning the author displays than to the service he renders his readers. Hence the *Convito* has been so admired by many, and therefore it has been asserted that it would have proved the erudition of the author if we had never possessed the *Commedia*. This may be all very true; but we want more than erudition in an author, and especially in a poet, and as a poet Dante is chiefly known and cherished. It was easy for Dante to exhibit his learning as he did in the *Convito* and the *Vulgare Elogio*; but he was no pedant, and he leaves the latter work incomplete, and with an elastic bound plunges into the days of his youth and his love, and revels in the *Divina Commedia*. It was here that the true poetic faculty had "ample room and verge enough." Dante is no longer the student of a narrow chamber, but nature salutes him with her innumerable tongues, speaking words of wisdom even out of silence, and saluting him from mountains, and vallies, and rivers, and all forms of beauty whatsoever. To him day unto day uttered speech, and night unto night knowledge. He here showed himself a philosopher of the unbounded universe, an out-door student, if we may so speak, living in the open air, and noting with acute perceptions the varied phenomena around him. Mark with what solemn beauty he gives us the description of a traveller's feeling at eventide, at the first sound of the Ave Maria.

It was the hour that wakes regrets anew
In men at sea, and melts the heart to tears,
The day wherein they bade sweet friends adieu,
And thrills the youthful pilgrim on his way
With thoughts of love, if from afar he hears
The vesper bell that mourns the dying day.

How and why Dante in his exile continued and finished his *Inferno* is, to say the least, singular. When his house at Florence was sacked, as we have previously stated, the wife of the poet managed to secure some chests containing certain documents and manuscripts. One of the chests contained the rough draught of the seven first cantos of the *Inferno*. These were shown to Dino, a celebrated reciter of verses, who was marvellously pleased with them. He had several copies made for his friends, and, knowing that the work was incomplete, he sent the original to Dante, desiring the poet to follow up his design. Dante was much surprised to see this unfinished performance, for he had supposed it destroyed

during the attack on his house. He seems to have considered its preservation as providential, and doubtless this belief nerved his energy, and added force to his determination to continue the subject. Immediately we see something like a burst of exultation and hope in the opening of the eighth canto of the *Inferno*: "My wondrous history I now resume." The greatest works have ever been wrought when the doer has felt himself favoured by the countenance of his God!

About the year 1309, the first part of Dante's celebrated work being finished, he prepared to go further from Florence; for his hope of returning to her maternal bosom was waning day by day. He prepared to cross the Alps to enter upon a more grievous banishment. We accept Count Balbo's assertion, that the necessity of further theological studies, in order to proceed with the *Purgatorio*, induced the poet to make his way to Paris; but nothing but a strong sympathy with his lone condition can picture the intensity of his sorrows. In his wanderings Dante reached the monastery of Santa Croce del Corvo, which, in the commencement of the fourteenth century was inhabited by the hermits of St. Augustine; but now nothing of the church remains but its choir. He was unknown to the monks, and one of them naturally inquired of the stranger what he wanted. Poor Dante answered never a word, but stood abstractedly gazing on the building. The question "What do you want?" was repeated, which wrung from the exile the expressive word "Peace." [What a large history is contained in that little word!]

Having finished the *Inferno*, and seeing his country entirely shut out and his hopes vanishing, he not only abandoned Tuscany, but Italy, and crossed the mountains which divide it from the province of Gaul. Having reached Paris, he gave himself up to the study of theology and philosophy, so essential to the remaining portions of his great poem. His capacity for disputation was most extensive and powerful, he having, while at Paris, argued, and that successfully and successively, fourteen different questions, proposed by different learned men and on different subjects. Like the "admirable Crichton," he often went into the universities, and argued theses upon all sciences against all comers. Whether Dante ever visited England is very vague and conjectural. There is but one ground for believing that he did so, although some commentators confidently assert that he was at the University of Oxford. The only passage which gives colour to the belief is in a poetical epistle of Boccaccio, thus: "Parisius dudum extremosque Britannos" (Paris formerly, and the remote Britain). All that we know with certainty is, that Dante soon quitted France and returned to Italy.

His conduct at this juncture is open to grave objections. Hearing that Henry of Germany had set out with a large force to subdue Italy, and that he had laid siege to Brescia, the poet links himself with the enemies of Florence, and through letters and embassies expresses his impatience that the Emperor should tarry so long at Brescia, and that he should not move more rapidly forward to crush Florence, the cradle of his infancy, and the home of his wife and children. Count Balbo, who excuses Dante when he reasonably can, finds no valid excuse for this conduct, but he is content to lament it and pass on. Not more than the Count would we endeavour to exonerate Dante from all blame in this affair; but we may find a qualification for his seemingly vindictive spirit. It must not be forgotten that Dante did not instigate the expedition against Italy, neither did he, like Coriolanus, rush armed against the bosom of his country. The siege had already commenced in the attack of Brescia. It is by no means inexplicable that the intense love of home, and the unquenchable desire to gaze once more on his family, suggested to the poet the violent measures which he recommended. His painful position partially accounts for his anomalous conduct. Dante believed that Henry would be the conqueror, and through the light of that faith he saw restored to him what he most valued—country and kin. On every occasion he asserted that he was unjustly banished, and he beheld no other way to remedy the injustice than the will and power of the German Emperor. We can only judge Dante aright by fully comprehending the intensity of his mental struggles. Much of his history lies in the extraordinary fact that the man who hurled the fiercest reproaches against Florence, and designated her as a viper tearing the entrails of its mother, was yearning to return to her embrace. For Dante's sake and for the

honour of his fame we could have wished that he had celebrated in his writings the stern independence of Florence, refusing, as she nobly did, to be governed by a foreign yoke. Dante's pen could not have selected a grander theme than indignant Florence turning the invader from her walls. Passing over the poet's *Monarchia*, which involves political speculations apart from our province, we come to Dante's stay at Verona. Here he was regularly settled, and acted as a judge, an office, however, of no very special note. His fame had made him popular, and he was known as well to the inhabitants of Verona as the illustrious Duke, whose recent death a great nation had greatly mourned, was known to the Londoners. One proof of his popularity may be found in the following anecdote. Dante was passing before a door where a group of gossiping women were seated, when he was instantly recognised by one of the number, and she whispered her neighbour, "Look at the man who goes into hell and returns when he pleases." That woman had grander thoughts than belong to the mere gossip. Her observation had a force of meaning that no astute critic has yet surpassed. That woman, speaking as if she were relating a serious fact even when she was aware of its physical impossibility, spoke the loftiest appreciation of Dante ever uttered. Nothing could have given us a clearer insight into the vocation, and the universality of the poet. We are puzzled to know whether the reply to this feminine critic evinced simplicity or humour; but it was responded to in this manner, "Dost thou not see how the heat and smoke below have given him so dark a colour and so curled a beard?" Our readers must judge for themselves, remembering Boccaccio's assertion that Dante had a brown complexion and a beard black and curly. The observations of the women were heard by Dante, who appears to have been delighted with them. The persecutions which followed the poet were very rigorous, for about this time he received a fourth and last sentence of banishment. It was an ancient custom in Florence at the feast of St. John to pardon some of the condemned criminals, offering them up with a candle in their hands to the Saint, and making them pay a fine. But now for the first time political offenders were admitted to the same favour. Dante's nephew and many of his friends entreated him to take advantage of this; but his reply amply shows the stern independence of the man who, in spite of his yearning for home, would not regain it by any crawling humiliation. This is his proud exultant reply to all entreaties: "What is this glorious edict which recalls Dante Alighieri to his country? Is this the reward of an innocence evident to all—the sweat and labour of study? Far be it from a man who is a teacher of justice, after having suffered injustice, to pay down his own money to those who have injured him. If there is no other way to enter Florence but that, I will never enter it! And what then? Shall I not enjoy, wherever I may be, the sight of the sun and the stars? Shall I not be able to speculate on most delightful truth, under whatever sky I may be, without first bowing ingloriously, or rather ignominiously, to the people of Florence?"

We cannot follow Dante through all his wanderings from Udine to Mantua, again to Verona, and thence to Ravenna. The Lord of Ravenna at this time was Guido Novello de Polenta, and this prince generously invited Dante to his court, and kept him to the end of his eventful and troubled life. Here the poet by his lectures formed many scholars in poetry. It is a fact that speaks well for humanity that Prince Polenta was a Guelph; nor does it speak less for Dante that he should have moderated his fierce party temper, and lived amicably with a professed political antagonist. Or rather does it not show that in Dante's heart there was still a place reserved for Guelphism and his early opinions to nestle, while his speech favoured the cause of Ghibellinism? Rising in Christian grandeur as time and suffering bowed his body to the dust, and having concluded his *Paradiso*, we find him translating the Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria, and the Ten Commandments. In the midst of this sacred work, circumstances drew him for the last time into active life. He was sent by the Prince of Polenta on an embassy to Venice; and, the success of his mission having failed, it is stated that he returned to Ravenna and died of mortification and regret in the year 1321, and in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

It is probable that the bulwark, against which the whirlwind and the waves of hatred broke

but shattered not, should have crumbled and fallen in the comparative hush of the tempest? Is it probable that the man Titanic in his griefs, and equally Titanic in his resistance, should have succumbed to the power of a paltry disappointment? Perhaps so, for the young and lofty pine springs erect, like a giant, when the hurricane in its anger rushes by; but the aged tree falls when Boreas is merely at play in its branches. Perhaps so, for we are mortals all, and time and change "do to our bodies what extremes can."

Thus have we traced some of the leading facts and features of Dante the poet, winnowing and picking from the voluminous records of Count Balbo, now before us. Mrs. Bunbury, with admirable womanly tact, has converted the author's *Life of Dante* into *The Life and Times of Dante*. This substitution is significant, and at once suggests to our readers what manner of book this is. Count Balbo has great historical resources, and a thorough acquaintance with the old Florentine Chronicles; but these are so extensive that in their midst we often lose the features of Dante. Excellent as this book undoubtedly is, as a repository of information political and social, it does not admit the reader at once and familiarly into the centre of Dante's existence. It is a book for the student, not for the light and careless reader, and we strongly recommend the volumes to those who desire to study that portion of Italian history which directly and indirectly bears on the life of the Florentine poet. Count Balbo is admirably fitted for his subject. His strong nationality, and his intense desire to see Italy free from all foreign domination, is what Dante maintained, and which, as we have shown, was converted into an argument for his banishment.

The sketch we have given naturally suggests a few closing remarks. Boccaccio asserts that Dante preferred the study of poetry because by it he hoped to attain the "pompous honour" of having his brow crowned with the laurel. This, to say the least, is ungenerous, and even if it were true is wholly undeserving the solemn censure of the novelist. The laurel that the poet wins is the triumph of humanity and progress, inasmuch as it represents the ascendancy of the beautiful in thought and fancy and feeling. Not his ambitious desire to wear the laurel, but two indestructible passions, made Dante a great poet—his love for Beatrice, and his resistance to political enemies. These kept his mind in a fearful struggle; these, which represented the blissful and the tortured mind, by turns smiled or scowled, soothed or frowned. How lovely are those dawns of heaven and happiness which break through the dewy morning of his young love! How awful are those judgments on his fellow-mortals which, standing apart in the world clad in the sable livery of literary vengeance, have yet been impiously considered as the just sentence of God! Dante's love shows us how the human heart retains a remnant of the innocence of Eden; Dante's judgments show us how a Christian man may dash from his brow the crown of charity. Yet the attitude of his defiance is always grand, always sublime, always colossal. Only the magnitude of his griefs can explain the magnitude of his anomalies and contradictions. She dead whom he loved first and strongest, misunderstood by his fellow citizens, condemned to the stake, interdicted in his studies, an exile, and in solitude and poverty, there is in the poet much to condemn, much to forgive, and more to pity. His was a heart forcibly wrenched from its early political impressions, and tortured into acts over which his manhood wept tears of blood. He advised the Emperor of Germany to take vengeance on his ungrateful Florence, and when the army encamped before her walls, he turned away unwilling and unable to gaze on the melancholy scene.

The literary merits of Dante is a question long since settled, but the *Divina Commedia*, translated ever so excellently, can never be popular with the English. The reason is its internal construction. It is a picture of Dante's own times six centuries since, and of the persons about him. Its very invention belonged to that epoch, not to ours; for we have long since passed the monastic mode of imparting religious instruction by the aid of visions. How few practical bustling persons, in this age of railways and electric telegraphs, read or even know of Cary's English version of the *Divina Commedia*? Yet, though the machinery of this mighty poem is obsolete, no poet has surpassed Dante in the range of creative faculty. It is this which places him by the side of Homer

and Shakespeare, because it merges the locality of the poet into the universal. The chief elements in Dante are his persistency and his earnestness; elements which make talent approach nearer to genius, and genius nearer to Deity.

RELIGION.

FROM the last reports of the three principal publishing societies of the religious world, viz. the "British and Foreign Bible Society," the "Society for promoting Christian Knowledge," and the "Religious Tract Society," we gather the following interesting statistics:—The "Bible Society" commenced operations in the year 1804, since which time, up to the 31st March, 1852, it has expended 3,855,486. 4s. 11d.; its income during the first year of its existence being only 619. 10s. 2d., and during the last, as much as 103,930. 9s. 10d. With this income, the distribution, printing, or translation of the Scriptures, in whole or in part, has been promoted by the Society, directly or indirectly, in 148 different languages; and the total number of Bibles and Testaments issued in these several languages, up to the present time, amounts to the enormous sum of 25,402,309. The "Christian Knowledge Society" was instituted more than a century and a half ago. It is not exclusively a publishing society; still, during the year ending April 1852, it issued a total of 4,093,214 Bibles, New Testaments, Common Prayer Books, other bound books, and tracts. Its income during the year, from all sources amounted to 42,754. 2s. 9d. The report before us gives no return of the income of the Society from its commencement, nor of the total number of its publications; a thing perhaps difficult to do, but which, if it only approximated to accuracy, would be interesting and satisfactory. From the report of the "Religious Tract Society," instituted in 1799, we learn that in 1800 it issued 200,000, and in 1851 as many as 20,887,064 publications, and that the total number of books, pamphlets, and tracts issued by the Society, in about 110 different languages, from its commencement down to the last-mentioned year, reaches the almost incredible sum of 549,887,484. Should some Hercules in statistics spring up among us, that would undertake to reckon up the number of books, pamphlets, &c. issued from the press since Gutenberg's first Bible these are facts that must enter largely into his calculation. With reference to the publications of the two last-mentioned societies, it is pleasing to observe that they have not only increased in number, but considerably improved in character. The monthly volumes of the "Religious Tract Society" form, with a few exceptions, an admirable series; and we have now lying before us a work, published by the Christian Knowledge Society, entitled *Assyria; her Manners and Customs, Arts and Arms: restored from her Monuments*, by PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, which is equal to any that has hitherto appeared on that subject. It is, in truth, a highly-interesting volume, compiled with much skill and accuracy, and which not only exhibits in brief the results up to the present time of the labours of others in the field of Assyrian antiquities, but displays also much original and independent research. Hoping to be able, from time to time, to keep our readers aware of any works of interest issued by these societies, we pass on to the other publications marked for notice in our summary.—*The Letter and Spirit of Scripture*, by the Rev. THOMAS WILSON, M.A., C. C. Coll. Camb., is a tract of considerable ability, which forms part of the preliminary dissertation to a Biblical commentary now in course of publication, under the joint editorship of the Rev. Dr. Giles and the Rev. T. Wilson, and which is to be issued in half-crown parts, to the number of about sixteen. Of Dr. Giles's attainments as a scholar and critic it would be superfluous to speak, and Mr. Wilson is favourably known as the author of *Spiritual Catholicity*, and *The Nazarene in Syria*. The promised commentary, therefore, may fairly be expected to be an important addition to our Biblical literature.—*A Plain Statement from the New Testament, of the proofs of the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and of the Divinity and Personality of the Holy Ghost: with an Introduction and Notes*, by the Rev. HILKIAH BEDFORD HALL, Curate of Darlington, is a little work dedicated to "the poor and unlearned of the parish of Darlington," with the intention of counteracting the efforts of some Unitarians who were endeavouring to propagate their opinions in the parish. It is in the form of question and answer, and without any pretence of originality, is nevertheless well calculated to achieve the object in view.—*The Scripture Teachers' Assistant; with explanations and Lessons, designed for Sunday Schools and Families*, by HENRY ALTHANS, is a manual whose title sufficiently indicates the nature of its contents, and which is well adapted for use in Sunday schools.—*A Beacon Light*, 1799. *Maynooth tried and convicted. The Irish Parliament v. the Maynooth Grant*, is a pamphlet dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Manchester, President of the National Club, by a "Layman," and very well written, but of which we cannot altogether approve, inasmuch as the Maynooth Establishment, whether at first rightly or wrongly endowed by the State, has now been so long tolerated, that statesmen of all shades of opinion appear to be

agreed that it is not in our power to get rid of it.—*To my Friends the Roman Catholics. Some plain but important Questions upon your Praying to Saints*, embraces within the compass of four short pages, some of the best arguments that we have seen against the invocation of saints and angels, and from the affectionate tone in which it is written is a most appropriate tract for distribution among our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen.—A recent seceder to the Church of Rome, Mr. R. Belaney, M.A. of the University of Cambridge, and late Vicar of Arlington, Sussex, has addressed *A Letter to the Lord Bishop of Chichester, assigning his reasons for leaving the Church of England*, the nature of which may be partly judged of from the following sentence:—"In short, I do not see how we can believe the Church to be a divine institution (as all the Catholics hold, and as I know your lordship holds), unless we believe the papal supremacy also to be a divine ordinance." Such is a specimen of the slender grounds upon which many, like Mr. Belaney, have deserted the church of their fathers for the communion of Rome. Another seceder, Mr. J. Spencer Northcote, M.A. late scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, appears anxious to signalise his conversion, and rivals even Mr. Newman himself in the fervour of his belief in miracles,—we mean, of course, Romish miracles, and these of the most modern sort. We know of nothing that could show the debasing influence of the Romish doctrine of miracles upon the mind of man, better than a pamphlet by this gentleman, entitled *A Pilgrimage to La Salette; or, a Critical Examination of all the Facts connected with the alleged Apparition of the Blessed Virgin to Two Children on the Mountain of La Salette, on September 19, 1846*. Our readers will recollect some of the circumstances connected with this alleged apparition, as mentioned in the *Times* newspaper and other journals. We shall therefore spare any account of it here: suffice it to say, that it is one of the most puerile and improbable on record. Mr. Spencer Northcote, however, approaches the subject in a frame of mind that at once indicates the conclusion he will arrive at. He is "well aware that to the great majority of Englishmen the fact that an alleged event is of a supernatural character is at once conclusive evidence against its existence; 'we are sure,' they say, 'that all such narratives are necessarily false, because we are satisfied on *a priori* grounds that they could not possibly be true.' For persons who argue thus, it is enough to say that the author has not written." For whom then? is a question that may be reasonably asked; and the answer must be, for persons like the author himself, or Father Newman; or the sixty thousand benighted pilgrims, who were present at the first anniversary of the miracle; or the Bishop of Grenoble, who in his pastoral letter of the 19th September, 1851, "solemnly declared the apparition to be a certain and unquestionable fact." After taking the trouble to go through all the evidence pro and con, so far as his weak intellect would allow him, and after visiting La Salette himself, in a fit of pious enthusiasm, the conclusion at which Mr. Northcote arrives is that "Henceforth it takes its place among the most famous and acknowledged of our Lady's Sanctuaries."—While the church of Rome is, without reason, proud of such converts as Mr. Northcote, Protestantism is busily recruiting its numbers in the west of Ireland, as may be seen from *The New Reformation in Ireland; or, Striking Facts and Anecdotes, illustrating the Extent and Reality of the Movement*, by the Rev. LLEWELLYN WINNE JONES, M.A. Mr. Jones was himself an eye-witness of a great deal that he relates, and his work is valuable as confirming to a great degree the previous narratives of Lord Roden, the Rev. John Gregg, and the Rev. William Marables.—We have received No. II. of the series entitled *The Spiritual Library*, which puts forth a new advertisement on the cover, slightly apologetic of that which we objected to in the first volume. The gist of this new advertisement, however, is to the effect that the miracles of the Saviour, as recorded in the New Testament, were produced by mesmerism; "that our Saviour used a means of cure which he himself created, and which he has left as an example and guide for those who are anxious to imitate, humbly and imperfectly, his all-perfect and blessed example." When such announcements as this are put forth, it is no wonder that people should content themselves "with criticising the cover instead of the contents of the work." The new volume of this series is entitled *The Key to the Mystery; or, the Book of Revelation translated*, by EDWARD RICHER, of Nantes. The nature of its contents may be sufficiently gathered from the preface, which commences as follows:—"The following work contains a familiar exposition of the explanation, or rather translation, of the emblematic language of the Apocalypse, first promulgated by Imanuel Swedenborg. The source from which Swedenborg derived this knowledge was that of vision, or extasis, or clairvoyance, in short, communication with the spiritual world." Speaking of the manner in which the first volume was noticed by the critics, the writer of the preface observes—"These gentlemen may imagine . . . that the old belief in creeds and articles of faith still survives; but it is notorious to those who take a more comprehensive view, that infidelity is all but universal." From this conclusion we beg to differ *toto calo*, and so, we believe, will the majority of our

readers.—From Philadelphia we have received a work, entitled *Politics for American Christians: a Word upon our Example as a Nation, our Labour, our Trade, Elections, Education, and Congressional Legislation*. This is a thoughtful and earnest volume, which tells the citizens of the great Republic many sound truths in plain, well-chosen language. One thing, however, we looked to find in it, and have been grievously disappointed at the omission of, namely, some expression of opinion passage—"Genuine Christianity keeps in remembrance the whole human family; it labours for the whole as opportunity offers; it thinks for the whole;" surely, we thought, now is the time for the writer to say a word on behalf of those millions of human beings who, though black in colour, are still an integral portion of the human family. But, no! the writer must be of a different opinion; for not one allusion is made to them, nor to the helpless slavery under which they groan. On other matters he is outspoken; and we heartily trust that we have an over-drawn picture in the following estimate of the character of Congress, viz. that "there is no assignable limit to the perfidy, to the frauds, to the injustice, to the corrupt practices, to the breaches of trust and breaches of oaths, and other official and private immorality, which are committed in and about the Congress of the United States. They are such as, if brought to light in equal intensity of iniquity in any profession or department of social life, would bring on the perpetrators such a storm of indignation and scorn as would drive them from society with a reputation from which the pillory and the penitentiary would alike shrink with loathing and disgust!" What will the advocates of universal suffrage say to all this?

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

An Elementary School Atlas of General and Descriptive Geography. By ALEXANDER KEITH JOHNSTON. Blackwood and Co.

TWENTY coloured maps adapted for the use of schools are contained in this volume, whose claims to patronage are correctness, great clearness in the engraving, an index to all the names upon the maps, with their latitudes and longitudes, so as to permit the position of any to be immediately found, and singular cheapness.

A History of English Literature. By WILLIAM SPALDING, M.A. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. ABRIDGED WITH great judgment and ability, this outline of the history of English literature is well adapted for school and family reading. Mr. Spalding has traced it downwards from the earliest times to the present, with brief biographical notices of the most famous authors, and he has added vastly to its interest by selections from their works, so as to exhibit the style of each. It includes the literature of America.

Mr. HUGO REID has composed a volume of *First Lessons in Arithmetic*, which Ingram and Co. have made one of the cheap and useful series of educational works which they are now producing. The lessons appear to be extremely practical, a series of questions being put to illustrate each rule, such as are likely to occur in the experience of life; and it teaches mental arithmetic as well as ciphering upon the slate. It will be a very valuable book for schools and students. —In the same series we have also *The Illustrated London Practical Geometry and its Application to Architectural Drawing*, by Mr. ROBERT S. BURN. It is thoroughly elementary, and should be studied by all who purpose to practise art professionally or understand it as amateurs.—Mr. BURN is also the editor of *Mechanics and Mechanism*, in the same series, which consists of elementary essays and examples for the use of schools, students, and artisans, and which is very copiously illustrated; the science of mechanics being thus taught almost as much through the eye as by the text, as indeed such knowledge can be best conveyed. This is by far the best book for the learner we have seen for many years.—*The First Six Books of the Elements of Euclid* is another added also by Messrs. Ingram and Co. to their series. It presents the advantage of a typography well adapted to catch the student's eye, the reference letters being printed in a larger and darker type.—*A History of England made Easy*, by Two Sisters, is really what it professes to be; the principal facts being told in an attractive fashion for children, and in language intelligible to them, hard words being eschewed, and the whole narrative being much like that which a mother would relate to a child sitting upon her knee. It is not in the formal tone of a book, but in the more familiar and intelligible shape of discourse.—From Messrs. BLACK, of Edinburgh, we have received a little volume entitled *First Steps in the Physical and Classical Geography of the Ancient World*, by Mr. JAMES PILLANS. It is designed for schools, and the plan is original. He invites the student to accompany him, with his right shoulder to the sea, from one of the Pillars of Hercules, at the southern extremity of Spain, to the other, at the northern extremity of Africa, exploring the coast on either side as he goes along. It is a learned and useful manual.

Family Adventures (Mozley) is a pretty little volume, well adapted to please and instruct children. It is written in the fashion that so much attracts them, simply, but not with silliness.—The complete volume of MARY HOWITT's delightful *Dial of Love* is now before us. Tales, poetry, narratives, natural history, descriptions of distant places and rural sights, illustrated with numerous engravings, peculiarly fit to be gift-book to the child.—*A Leaf of a Christmas tree* (Bosworth) is a translation from the German, by the Rev. GILBERT WHITE, of five tales, written as only Germans can write them, and each one having a woodcut illustration.—*The Adventures of a Doll* could not fail to please all the little girls, even if it were not told so prettily.—The second part of Armstrong's *English Composition* purposes to teach persons how to write their own language. The plan is novel, but we do not like it. Themes are given, and specimens, or rather models, in an extremely stiff and grandiloquent style. The best way to learn to write is to read a passage in a good author, then close the book and write on the same subject; then compare the original with the imitation, and you discover your defects.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

g.c. By the Lady EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY. London: Bosworth.

The Dorp and the Veld; or, Six Months in Natal. By CHARLES BARTER, Esq., B.C.L. London: Orr and Co.

Visit to the Indian Archipelago in H.M.'s Ship Meander; with portions of the private Journal of Sir James Brooke. By Captain the Hon. H. KEPPEL, R.N. London: 1853.

A Tour of Inquiry through France and Italy, illustrating their present Social, Political, and Religious Condition. By EDMUND SPENCER, Esq. Author of "Travels in European Turkey," &c. In 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

In spite of the affectation of its title, the "g.c." of Lady E. S. WORTLEY has a great deal that is both informing and amusing. In explanation of this odd title, it is necessary to make known to the reader that about a twelvemonth ago Lady Wortley published her *Travels in the United States of America*, and in some other parts of the world visited in the same extensive tour. But for some unexplained cause, probably the requirements of the printer, portions of her memoranda were excluded from that publication. Nevertheless, considering truly that they were not altogether worthless, that they contained much that would be likely to interest the readers of the larger book, the authoress, having revised and corrected them, has put them forth in a small volume which may be deemed a sort of supplement to its predecessors; and it is not inferior to them in interest. The subjects treated of are very various. We pass from "Some Recollections of the Mississippi" to "Something about the Stars" and about Caves and Catarcas. A Moorish Princess is described at full length, a Black Ghost dimly outlined, a Moorish Wedding Festival, the Bastinado—strange theme for a lady—Orange Trees, Thoughts on Niagara, the Choctaws, Yellow Fever, now unhappily a subject for serious investigation, Rescued Slaves, the King of Mosquito's Throne, a Bloomer Ghost (Lady Emmeline loves ghosts), Mangoes, and an Essay on Travelling, are among the themes here treated of; while an anecdote of Love and a Landau, and some tolerable "Lines on the Exhibition Year," close the volume. We are compelled to be brief in extract, so great are the claims of the season upon our space; but it will be seen from the following how agreeably Lady Wortley writes, and how pleasant she is to read.

We prefer a bit of natural history:

ANECDOTES OF HUMMING-BIRDS.

The humming-birds in Jamaica are lovely little creatures, and most wonderfully tame and fearless of the approach of man. One of these charming feathered jewels had built its delicate nest close to one of the walls of the garden belonging to the house where we were staying. The branch, indeed, of the beautiful little shrub in which this fairy nest was suspended almost intruded into the walk; and every time we sauntered by there was much danger of sweeping against this projecting branch with its precious charge, and doing it some injury, as very little would have demolished the exquisite fabric: in process of time, two lovely little pearl-like eggs had appeared; and while we were there we had the great pleasure of seeing the minute living gems themselves appear, looking like two very small bees. The mother-bird allowed us to look closely at her in the nest, and to inspect her little nurslings, when she was flying about near, without appearing in the least degree disconcerted or alarmed. I never saw so tame or so bold a little pet. But she did not allow the same liberties

to be taken by every body unchecked. One day as Sir C— was walking in the pretty path beside which the fragile nest was delicately suspended amid sheltering leaves, he paused, in order to look at its Lilliputian inhabitants. While thus engaged, he felt suddenly a sharp light rapping on the crown of his hat, which considerably surprised him. He looked round to ascertain from whence this singular and unexpected attack proceeded; but nothing was to be seen. Almost thinking he must have been mistaken, he continued his survey, when a much sharper and louder rat-tat-tat-tat seemed to demand his immediate attention, and a little to jeopardise the perfect integrity and preservation of the fabric in question. Again he looked round, far from pleased at such extraordinary impertinence; when what should he see but the beautiful delicate humming-bird, with ruffled feathers and fiery eyes, who seemed by no means inclined to let him off without a further infliction of sharp taps and admonitory raps from her fairy beak. She looked like a little fury in miniature—a winged Xantippe. Those pointed attentions apprised him that his company was not desired or acceptable, and, much amused at the excessive boldness of the dauntless little owner of the exquisite nest he had been contemplating, Sir C— moved off, anxious not to disturb or irritate further this valiant minute mother, who had displayed such intrepidity and cool determination. As to V— and me, the darling little pet did not mind us in the least; she allowed us to watch her to our hearts' content during the uninterrupted progress of all her little household and domestic arrangements, and rather appeared to like our society than not, and to have the air of saying, "Do you think I manage it well, eh?"

Here is another—

Some time afterwards, at Kingston, at the Date-tree Hotel, we made the acquaintance of another of this charming tribe, which almost regularly every morning used to come and breakfast with us! Thus it was: of course our large windows were opened as far as they would go; a beautiful tree, covered with rich brilliant blossoms, stood close to the house (near the graceful date-tree that gives its name to that pleasant hotel); and the lovely little bird used to come and suck the honey-dew out of those bright flowers that made that tree so splendid, generally, as if socially inclined, and disliking the solitary breakfast, at the identical hour that we were seated at our breakfast table. The fresh breezes would gently blow the beautiful branch, blossoms, buds, bird, leaves, and all, into the room, but undismayed the brilliant stranger would continue at his repast, preventing us from continuing ours in consequence of the interest and admiration he excited in us; till at last the novelty wore off, and we expected to meet our little friend every morning at breakfast as a matter of course. Still we were never insensible to the charm of his elfin society, and it was quite a mortification if the wretched neglect led to punctual to his self-imposed appointment. Ornithologically speaking, I believe these precious bee-birds, these diminutive fays, these diamond dew-drops on wings, these sylphs, these visions, these rainbow-atoms, these flying flowers, these buds of birds, are as bold as the eagle, and fiery as the falcon, in fact, are perfect little *diablos!* just what our small fury who assaulted the governor's hat showed herself to be. She seemed soft as velvet or a puff of down, light as foam, bright as a spark of the sun, mild as new milk—a breath of spring or a honey drop; but it was, in truth, very valiant velvet, very doughty down (quite knock-you-down, indeed), milk soured by a dash of thunder, or, rather, milk-punch of the strongest, honey of the hottest, foam of the fiercest, the most peppery of puffs,—sunshine, of the most fiery description, that verily proved a pocket *coup-de-soleil*; 'twas a breath of infant Boreas, and a spark of gunpowder. This fairy Mab is, in fact, the very Bellona of birds.

We conclude with a lively sketch of

VISITING IN TUNIS.

People pay visits at Tunis in rather a curious way generally. On ordinary occasions you go—not exactly down your friend's chimneys, but something very like it; you walk from roof to roof, and make a descent where you will down a steep little staircase, communicating with a small door in the terrace roof; as there is neither knocker nor bell provided, the visitor has no chance of saying, "Not at home," and occasionally this must be tiresome and inconvenient; indeed, one of my Tunis friends told me she found it often very unpleasant when engaged in the various indispensable avocations connected with a well-managed household. As for us, we had a very agreeable walk on the roofs,—which are beautiful, paved with broad stones, and often decorated with little avenues of orange-trees, beds and parterres of flowers, and clusters of all kinds of sweet flowering plants, the orange-trees affording a delightful shade in the heat of the day, and the flower-beds the most odorous breathings. After we had thus promenaded for some time, we met the daughter of the American Consul, who, like ourselves, was taking an agreeable little stroll. She invited us to come down the chimney, or through the trap-door, and see her father and mother, which we had much pleasure in doing. The American Consul's lady told me it was so long since

day as besides amid at its he felt of his looked and un- seen. The con- siderate at- tegrity gain he ordinary out the feathers looked antippe. is com- much countless en com- to dis- mother, and deter- g little told us to the unin- sold and to like saying,

ate-tree of this morning was:— as far as with rich near the unpleasant me and others that socially . at the breakfast now the and all, stranger from con- est and novelty the friend course. of his imposed believe- s, these , these flowers, and fiery just Governor's velvet park of or a velvet, indeed), milk- foam of shine, of pocket , and, a tract, the

us way — not something and makes a faircase, the roof; ed, the " and convenient; round it various well- agree- paved in little flowers, plants, in the odori- nated American reable chim- ner . The since

she had been in the United States that she had almost forgotten her own native place. After spending a short time with Doctor Heap's amiable family, we ascended once more to the roof, and again proceeded to pay a visit to Mrs. Ferrier. One could not help, however, feeling a little Paul Pry-ish, thus continually and almost literally dropping in, but we were soon quite reconciled to these slight peculiarities of Tunisian customs.

MR. BARTER'S experience in South Africa will be read with more than common interest just now that the Caffre war, of which he witnessed the commencement, is *perhaps* drawing to a conclusion. We in England, who pay the price of this protracted conflict, will be curious to learn what is the opinion of an accomplished gentleman, who witnessed the state of things before prejudice and party spirit had arrayed themselves into opposing forces, as to the probabilities of a permanent peace with the people who defend their country so obstinately against the invasion of strangers, and on what terms we may hope to proceed with them for the future; if as friends, how we may conciliate and win them; if as foes, how they may be exterminated, for there is no medium: there must be a firm peace between the invaders and invaded, or one of them must quit the territory; a perpetual state of warfare is impossible. Mr. Barter does not appear to have seen much of the country. He lived some time at Maritzberg, the capital of Natal, and he made an excursion to Harrismith, noting, with care, his observations and adventures, which latter are made up of the usual materials of South African travel. He is thus enabled to present a very highly-finished picture of the landscape scenery, of the difficulties and dangers of travelling through deserts and wilds, where food and water are scarce, and guides not much to be relied upon. As for the war, he considers it can only be put an end to by leaving the colonists to fight it out for themselves—we in return giving them self-government; a conclusion apparently so obvious that it is surprising our Government at home should not have adopted it, especially as the colonists ask to be permitted to fight their own battle; and certainly the people of England would be no less pleased to be relieved from the heavy weight of taxation imposed upon them for protecting those who say that they do not want to be protected.

According to Mr. Barter, Natal is not likely to attract emigrants. Compare with the accounts that come to us of Australia and the Gold Fields this sketch of the attractions of

NATAL.

Along the whole line of the coast, and extending inland from ten to fifteen miles, is a belt of land covered for the most part with thick underwood, occasionally interspersed with fine timber. The soil is chiefly a light sand, becoming redder and stiffer as it recedes from the sea. The climate, though less healthy than in any other part of Natal, is not positively unhealthy, except for horses and cattle; to these it frequently proves fatal. The boar hides his lengthened coil in the matted woods, while the alligator lurks in the sandy beds of the wide shallow rivers. Here, if anywhere, are the head-quarters of the insect tribe, so much dreaded by the European. Of the tick the reader has already heard enough. This is not a promising sketch, and yet it is in this district that the capitalist who looks for large returns must invest his money; it is here only that the labourer with twenty acres of land can hope to earn a livelihood. Here those valuable tropical productions which form so great an item in the commerce of England may be raised with little less than certainty. Cotton, indigo, tobacco, and the castor-oil plant, are indigenous and grow luxuriantly, while experience has shown that coffee may be cultivated with perfect success. Among these, cotton claims the first notice, as being the most valuable, and the most easily produced. It is a received fact, not only that it can be raised to any extent in Natal, but that the climate is as well adapted to its growth as even that of Georgia. The samples which have been sent to Manchester have been pronounced to be beautiful in quality, uniform in staple, remarkably clean and white, peculiarly suitable for the manufactures of Lancashire, and so superior that any quantity which might be exported would find a ready market. The plant, which elsewhere is an annual, is here perennial, and ripens throughout the year, though the chief harvest is from January to the end of March. Several companies have been already formed for the cultivation of this plant on a large scale; and if they have not succeeded so well as might have been anticipated, it has been rather owing to the incompleteness of their own arrangements than to any disappointment in the crop. The difficulty which the grower on a small scale has to encounter is the want of a purchaser on the spot, his capital not enabling him to ship on his own account. To obviate the inconvenience arising from the precarious supply of labour, the introduction of Coolies from India has

been suggested; and as the experiment is about to be tried by a gentleman who has invested a large sum in cotton-farming, we shall have an opportunity of testing its success. Many varieties of indigo grow wild in the colony, and there is not the slightest doubt that it will prove a valuable article of commerce; but the heavy expense attending the manufacture has hitherto been a bar to any extensive speculation in this drug.

He does not anticipate much from missionary enterprise in Caffreland, notwithstanding the apparent superiority of the Caffres to the tribes by which they are surrounded.

THE CAFFRE.

The mind of the Caffre being, as far as religion is concerned, a *rasa tabella*, it would seem the better calculated to receive and retain the great doctrines of Christianity: it is in his natural disposition that the insurmountable obstacle lies—in his secret heart, which is that of an irclaimable savage—sullen, crafty, selfish, malignant, treacherous. His intellect may be cultivated to a certain extent, with considerable success. Like the parrot, he will readily repeat his lesson, may, he will imitate, and naturally assume the tone of voice, the air, and manner of his teacher; he will read his Testament, and sing psalms translated into his language by the indefatigable missionaries, with the true dolorous nasal twang of the conventicle; but in this very aptitude lies the great danger; that which is in reality but the clever acting of an accomplished mimic is too often taken as the evidence of a changed heart, and is quoted in support of a system which is not only inefficient but radically wrong.

CAPTAIN KEPPEL has introduced us to almost a new world. The scenes he describes in the Indian Archipelago are so strange, so beautiful, so attractive to the eye and to the imagination, that the reader will wonder why so charming a region has not yet been visited by European enterprise, which has taken possession of so many barren rocks and inhospitable islands. Perhaps this account of that vast cluster of Paradises, peopled only by a partially civilised race, will tempt other adventurers to follow the example of Sir James Brooke, and endeavour to find colonies in others of the lovely islands that invite the voyager by every charm Nature can furnish,—a delicious climate, boundless fertility, and ample supply of the materials for profitable commerce. Besides these descriptions, Capt. Keppel gives a minute account of our Labuan settlement, and some sketches of Sydney, Norfolk Island, and Van Dieman's Land. He writes like an accomplished gentleman, and, save from the familiarity with which nautical topics are handled, the reader would not discover the pen of a sailor. A few passages will best introduce to our readers this valuable contribution to our geographical knowledge. Here is

A PEEP AT THE ARCHIPELAGO.

We had been for some days past working up against a strong breeze with a proportionate sea. The sudden change into perfectly smooth water was very enjoyable. The sea was deep blue, as was the serene sky overhead: instead of looking out to windward for squalls with rain, we now gazed pleasantly on a luxuriant jungle which mounted on either side far above our mast-head. Beautiful birds in endless variety added life and interest to the scene; nor did it decrease as we proceeded. As is usual in narrow channels and under high land, we had the winds baffling, coming off on either side in strong and sudden puffs, sometimes striking the ship aloft, without giving us the usual notice of such a visit by so much as a ripple on the surface of the water. The channel, too, was just sufficiently tortuous to prevent our seeing any distance before us; so that, as each point was rounded, some pleasing variation would present itself in the already beautiful scenery, such as one can never be tired of looking at. Occasionally, canoes came off, as the tide swept us along. The jungle was too dense for us to make out any habitations, but their locality was indicated by the appearance of that most useful of all trees the cocoa-nut, as well as by a break in the otherwise rock-bound coast, a patch of white sandy beach, on which there was not sufficient ripple to prevent the smallest boat from landing. Either fear or laziness prevented the natives from coming alongside in any numbers. I obtained two fine specimens of the black bird of Paradise, in exchange for an old musket. The rest of their cargoes were composed of fruits, bows and arrows, parrots, shells, spears, and tortoise-shell. The natives are well-proportioned, but ugly-looking savages, with a profusion of hair frizzed out in an extraordinary manner; which I have no doubt they thought very handsome, but which only impressed us with the idea of a dense harbour for filth and vermin.

This is an interesting account of

THE NATIVES OF THE FEJEE ISLES.

They had a vast quantity of hair, frizzed out, and coloured white, black, or red. A man, having his hair carefully divided down the middle, would present

one side covered with a jet black mixture, while the other half would be of a bright red or perhaps white. The men, five or six in number, belonging to the same canoe, were generally coloured uniformly. Suppose a canoe with a black crew to have paddled up to one side of the ship; presently, while your attention was occupied elsewhere, they would shift round to the other side; but lo! now the crew was white. It is not easy to believe that black is white; yet here it was so; one and the same crew were black on the port and white on the starboard side. Others with their hair cut short, and covered over with some dirty thick gluey substance, would paint a white ring round the head just above the eyes and ears, with a line under the chin. It was difficult to believe that the head was not confined in a close-fitting skull-cap. The symmetry of their shape was in no way hidden by clothes, as paint was the only covering they condescended to wear. One and all were clamorous for barter:—empty bottles, buttons, and bits of iron hoop, were most in demand. Clothes, or the materials for making them, were treated with great contempt. Their canoes were carved out of one tree, and generally from thirty to fifty feet in length; they have outriggers, to give them stability, which were very inconvenient for coming alongside. We were puzzled at one time to make out the use of a curiously formed piece of wood, about four feet long, and in shape very like a whale-boat, but solid: from a hole in the centre descended a strong cord of twisted rattan, forming a running noose, like a hangman's knot. The mystery was solved shortly after. As I was leaning out of the cabin windows, when there was just sufficient wind to give the ship steerageway, I observed a shark swimming leisurely along some twenty fathoms below the surface. The natives from their canoes observed the monster about the same time. In a few minutes several of these oddly shaped buoys were dropped into the water. Some of our people fancy they saw them sprinkle a powder in a sort of magic circle round the buoys; I did not observe them use any bait: what charm they used, if any, we did not ascertain; but certain it is that the shark shortly after rose, and was fool enough to shove his head into the fatal noose, when he was as completely hanged in his own element as ever rogue was from the gallows tree. The buoyancy of the float prevented his diving with it. Having flourished his tail about for twenty minutes, he was drawn up by his head on a level with the water, and there belaboured with the heavy end of their paddles until he seemed satisfied that further resistance was useless; they then tumbled him bodily into the canoe, and hurried on shore amidst the yelling of the whole flotilla, where no doubt he underwent the further process of dissection.

The practice of Suttee prevails in some of the islands, but differing somewhat in the form of sacrifice. Here is

A SCENE AT LOMBOK.

Women brought out the wife of the gusti with her arms crossed. She was clothed with a piece of white linen only. Her hair was crowned with flowers of the *Chrysanthemum Indicum*. She was quiet, and betrayed neither fear nor regret. She placed herself standing before the body of her husband, raised her arms on high, and made a prayer in silence. Women approached her, and presented to her small bouquets of kembang spatu and other flowers. She took them one by one, and placed them between the fingers of her hands, raised above her head. On this the women took them away and dried them. On receiving and giving back each bouquet the wife of the gusti turned a little to the right, so that when she had received the whole she had turned quite round. She prayed anew in silence, went to the corpse of her husband, kissed it on the head, the breast, below the navel, the knees, the feet, and returned to her place. They took off her rings. She crossed her arms on her breast. Two women took her by the arms. Her brother (this time a brother by adoption) raised himself before her, and asked her with a soft voice if she was determined to die; and when she gave a sign of assent with her head, he asked her forgiveness for being obliged to kill her. At once he seized his kris and stabbed her on the left side of the breast, but not deeply, so that she remained standing. He then threw his kris down and ran off. A man of consideration approached her, and buried his kris to the hilt in the breast of the unfortunate woman, who sunk down at once, without uttering a cry. The women placed her on a mat, and sought by rolling and pressure to cause the blood to flow as quickly as possible. The victim being not yet dead, she was stabbed again with the kris between the shoulders. They then laid her on the second platform, near her husband. The same ceremonies that had taken place for him now began for the wife. When all was ended, both bodies were covered with resin and cosmetic stuffs, enveloped in white linen, and placed in the small side-house on the platforms. There they remain until the time is come when they are burned together.

These are some

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN AUSTRALIA.

One of the greatest privileges of old men, and one of which they always avail themselves, is that of betrothing to themselves girls when very young, and mar-

rving them when they arrive at mature age. A man of fifty years of age becomes betrothed to a girl of seven or eight, and marries her when she is about eleven. The consequences are much the same as might be expected in any society; the young lady is besieged by less fortunate and more suitable admirers. On the other hand, the old gentleman has his eyes wide open, and jealousy keeps him constantly on the watch. Hence it not uncommonly happens that the youthful couple are surprised by the barbed point of an ugly spear passing violently through some fleshy part of their sable frames. The wounds, however disagreeable, heal more rapidly than those inflicted by Cupid's darts: young people will be young people to the end of the chapter;—they flirt on; the old man in his fits of jealousy mains and sometimes kills, but is at length destroyed himself by the cares and anxieties of watching his juvenile spouse. Beauties are frequently carried off by force, often change lords and masters, and give rise to many quarrels—in short, are much the same as in more civilised states.

And thus is depicted

A NATIVE KANGAROO HUNT.

It is very interesting to see a native kangarooring. All his energies, instinct, and cunning, are brought into play. When he comes to a place likely to contain game, he becomes watchful and excited, his eyes roll about, his ears appear to stand out, his body erect, and as steady as a statue. After a while he moves, his step noiseless and cautious. When he sees a kangaroo he becomes riveted to the spot; not a movement of either body or limb is discernible. The uninitiated observer at a short distance looks in vain for the cause of this attitude; after straining his eyes for some time he at length perceives the head of a kangaroo peeping over the long grass, in the direction of the native. The two animals watch each other for a variable period, until the kangaroo, which has persuaded itself that the motionless object before it is likewise lifeless, has gone down again on all fours, to dig a root or play with its young. The dark object then moves with measured pace towards his victim, which soon takes another peep to see if all is right. The native again assumes his fixed attitude; in this way he keeps advancing with most extraordinary care and patience, sometimes for nearly an hour, until within range of his game; then the fatal spear is placed in the throw-stick, by a sort of magic, for no apparent motion accompanies the operation; the weapon is poised, and sent with unerring aim and fatal effect. The native or natives now, with hideous yells, pursue the wounded animal, which of course does all in its power to escape, but is soon obliged by pain or loss of blood, to cease running; it then takes up a position with its back to a tree or rock, determined to defend itself or its progeny; but a few well-directed spears from a short distance soon decide the contest. Poor kangaroo dies, is carried away in triumph, and is soon devoured.

FICTION.

Edgar Huntley. By CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.
New York. 1852.
The Scarlet Letter. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.
New York. 1852.

ABOUT six weeks ago we received a box of books from America, the present of a much-esteemed friend there, whose face we have never seen in the flesh, but with whom we have again and again enjoyed friendly correspondence through the post-office—the Rev. A. A. Lipscomb, of Montgomery, Alabama, U. S. On opening it we lifted up our eyes and hands in wonder and half-incredulity. We had expected some *score* of books little known on this side of the Atlantic, and there were well nigh a *hundred* volumes, of all sorts and sizes, including poetry, oratory, history, philosophy, science, art, divinity, &c. the masterpieces of Emerson, Longfellow, Webster, Todd, Hawthorne, Barnes, Randolph, &c. &c., besides a number all unknown to us, even by name; but not five trashy productions among them all, and forming, as a whole, an admirable compendium of our modern American Literature. Our first thought, of course, was that of gratitude to our Transatlantic friend for his munificent gift; one of our next was, to begin a short series of papers upon some of the better authors, both living and dead, both known, half-known, and unknown, of the United States.

We have for our first paper selected the above two authors, principally because the one is dead and the other living, and because both are great original novelists, and both intensely unlike each other. We do not intend, however, formally to compare or to contrast them. Our notions as to their comparative merits, purposes, &c. will come out without any formal statement as we proceed.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN was an amiable hard-working Yankee lawyer and *littérateur*. Had

he been of a morbid temperament, or belonged to the Byronic school, he had much of which to complain, and which he could have woven into semi-sentimental, semi-Satanic rhymes. But he was for this by far too manly and too brave. Instead of weakly moaning in his own person about real or imaginary wrongs, he either struggled on silently against, or if he did at all reproduce them, it was in ideal forms, in which their misery and darkness were transfigured, and, by losing all their selfishness, lost half their gloom.

Brown was one of those writers who, intensely original in the essence, are imitators in the shape, form, and language of their genius. To this class belong even such men as Milton, Byron, and Wilson; they were all essentially men of native insight and prowess; but all of them, and especially Milton, liked to go up through the wilderness leaning on their beloved authors and books. Some few again, such as Shakspeare, Wordsworth, and Richter, have a style and manner of writing springing as naturally from their genius as the wing from the side of an angel, or the light from the forehead of the sun. Brown's view of things was in many points his own; it was certainly in many things very different from Godwin's, whom he called his master; but his manner of communication, the accidents of his story, the clear, calm, measured style, contrasting so strikingly with the impetuous passion expressed and the strange events recorded by it—the autobiographical form of all his stories, and the assumption of a remote and ideal altitude on the part of the author, who seems to live collaterally or aside to his story, his characters, and himself—bore all a striking resemblance, and seemed sometimes even elaborately modelled on the manner of the author of *Caleb Williams* and *St. Leon*.

Brown's subject may be described in a sentence. It was the mysterious constitution of Man, not in his relation to his God or to Futurity—a subject which in a great measure Brown ignored—but in his relation to the universe around him. Of ghosts he says nothing, and little of God; he walks constantly, and by preference, along that strange border-land between spirit and matter which includes the dreaming world, sleep-walking, ventriloquism, and the rude clairvoyance of his age. He seems to have known little Latin or Greek, but was deep in those

Avery tongues which syllable men's names

On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses. He despises to summon a spirit from the vasty deep; he leaves that to more vulgar conjurers; he deals not with the devil nor with his angels; he seeks not to revivify either the dead ashes of the superstitions of the past, nor to blow on the half-cold embers of those of the present; he has and he must express solemn awes of his own—vague yet true terrors, which affect man more in proportion as he is intelligent and like himself. His mottoes are—

I wonder at myself, and in myself am lost.

and—

I am fearfully and wonderfully made.

He is not even tempted to approach and gaze at the secrets of human decomposition and decay; skulls, bones, graveyards, are to him a nuisance and a horror; it is the fear that haunts the chambers of the *living* brain, that lurks amid the jungle of the nerves, that walks through the churchyard of a ruined heart, that at once guides and tortures the somnambulist on his craggy way, and that speaks in those sounds which are heard only in the sensorium of the soul—it is this that fascinates his mind, and enables him, through his reverence for it, to wield such a peculiar fascination over the minds of others.

Truly there are depths in the human mind, and in its connection with the body, compared to which oceans and stars are shallow; and the genius that would explore these—that would cope with these daylight-ghosts, these demons of the market-place, must be a strong and a daring one; and such a genius was Brown's. Refusing, with true Transatlantic pride, to borrow the terrors of the Old World, and having no great sympathy with the witches and other extinct superstitions of New England, he set himself to create from out of his own mind a new and marvellous mythology—at once true as strictest history, and strange as dreamiest fiction. And for so doing he was peculiarly favoured, both by his own genius and by the state in which his country then was.

His mind was cast almost in a Dantesque

mould. It was a literally-ideal, a sternly-soft, a quietly-enthusiastic, a serenely-tormented mind. The poetry that was in him lay not in the *flowers* but in the *roots* of his tales. His genius has a dull plumage; but her talons are terribly hooked and strong. Whatever fierceness and fury were in him have become mild in their utterance—have died away, as it were, into a murmur more musical than stern. His enthusiasm, too, is singularly unassuming and profound. He is the silent lover, breathing not the name of her whom his heart worships. He does not praise Nature warmly, nor describe her often; he merely turns pale and trembles in her presence. A certain mild serenity is his general mood. It is like the low voice of the deeply-afflicted and heart-broken. A Maelstrom may be boiling below; but the upper surface is calm and equable in flow, and is kissed by pale moonbeams.

In manner and style he is often bald as the brow of an ancient Caesar. A certain loose terseness distinguishes at other times his manner of writing. The form is often declamatory; but the language is ever simple. The power is not in individual sentences or felicitous figures; it is in the unique originality and searching intellect of the whole. Like a dumb man who grasps you at once with his hand and his eye, to rescue you from a conflagration, does Brown take hold of your attention and hurry you away with him, *whither* you know not, and tremble to inquire.

The state of his native country at that time greatly aided him in the production of his effects. It was as to both its scenery and manners, in a transition state—neither in nor out of “the bush.” The twilight of the primeval forests had been relieved, but had not deepened into dawn. America stood then a giant, on the edge of everlasting woods, with one foot advanced into the light of civilisation, and the other proudly withdrawn into the soundless wilderness, his brow gemmed with acorns, and his eye looking half-wistfully and half-timorous toward the clear country before. The visions of horror which once haunted the forest had departed, or were glimmering away back into the depth of the desert; but the disenchanted light of science had not yet fully arrived: it was a period when it was neither light nor dark. The axe of the woodman, and not the shriek of the railway train, was heard ringing behind every village. By a few steps it was possible to pass from busy and rising towns into solitudes where the cataract roared, the panther crouched, and the Indian stalked like a grim shadow. Flaming eyes lighted up the darkness of endless silent woods; unshorn Nature and savage Man seemed reluctantly retiring before the tide of culture, fighting every step, and shooting Parthian arrows as they fled at the invaders. How fine yet awful it was to wander then alone through the millennial forests, to find oneself enveloped in their night-like day, to see the stars coming out amid the trees, like glorious fruitage, or to pant and quake under that panic terror which dwells like a spirit among such solitudes! Man, too, in that age of America, assumed a singular aspect. He was a curious hybrid between the civilised man and the savage, between the Puritan of the seventeenth century and the sceptic of the eighteenth. The peculiarities of the American character were continually fed, too, by the stream of originals pouring in from all parts of Europe. A recent revolution, besides, had shaken into the most picturesque confusion all the elements of society. On this unformed, crude, and heaving soil, Brown stood up as a powerful limner; and although to “paint Chaos” be proverbially a difficult achievement, yet he has done great things, even while nobly failing at the task.

One thing he always secures, he has your undivided interest. Bare and strange as his materials sometimes are, he builds with them a structure which for the time shuts you in from all the earth besides; that dreary world of his, with sleep-walkers gliding through it, and voices mystic yet real resounding in it, and lonely rocks and caverns bounding it in, becomes for a season the Universe. Never had writer more the power of *insulating* his reader. His dream becomes the reality, and the realities of life disappear like dreams.

A friend of ours truly says that “Brown has a sweeter spirit of humanity than his master Godwin, and a subtler if less powerful intellect. Godwin was in some degree a soured and disappointed man; he had risen too rapidly and come down as fast. He had been originally what they

call in Scotland a "stickit minister"—(he occupied, it may not be known to our readers, his father's pulpit, where he read to his people occasionally his own and more frequently his father's MS. sermons; these latter were known by the digneness of their colour and the orthodoxy of their sentiments, and were incomparably more popular than the lucubrations of the future author of *Political Justice*; and when their stock was exhausted the congregation departed, and poor Godwin was compelled to resign!)—from this he became, for a short season, the lion of his time, and then subsided into unmerited odium and obscurity. This stung him to some extent; although the sobriety of his temperament kept his diseased feelings down. Yet the iron had entered into his soul. It was otherwise with Brockden Brown. He had never known success, and could not know the morbid feelings which its subsidence generally produces. He walked all his life under a quiet gloomy sky, a sky neither rent by storms nor deceived by exuberant sunshine.

In both we must mark one important deficiency. Neither was, we fear, a believer in the peculiar mission and claims of Christ or Christianity. But there was here, too, an important difference. Godwin had quarrelled with Christianity, Brown had simply bid it a quiet farewell. Godwin now and then, although very seldom, spouts out his hatred to it; Brown avoids all allusion to the theme, and it is only inferentially that we can gather what his sentiments were. Godwin is reported to have "made a good end as a Methodist," a circumstance reminding you of Sidney Smith's famous "Oiling of Place," the tailor; whereas Brown's deathbed seems to have been more consistent with the mild though miserable negation of his life.

Brown was a "lonely man, his life a long soliloquy." On the whole he kept his doubts and darkness to himself, and went away, a solitary spirit, into the wilderness, tracked only by his own shadow. There he met with congenial companions—with cougars glaring from the thickets, with grim solitaries sitting on inaccessible rocks, with wild Indians reposing in caves, with catacombs, pine-trees, and lonely rivers plaining out the vague tumults of their everlasting and unutterable woe.

Edgar Huntley, Wieland, and Arthur Mervyn are by far his most striking fictions. *Edgar Huntley* is the most descriptive as well as most eventful of his tales. Nothing can surpass in icy and curdling power the pictures of Clitheroe in the desert and of Edgar in the cave, or the adventure with the panther. This is the only tale of Brown's which you can call bustling; but the bustle is that of a crowded house on fire. *Wieland* is a barer tale, but discovers more of that weird power, that panic charm, the depth and silence of that spell, which we have made the *differentia* of Brown's genius. *Arthur Mervyn* is chiefly remarkable for its picture of the plague in Philadelphia, a picture drawn with a literal and ghastly minuteness, over which, however, there hovers a fine humane and pitying spirit, redeeming it from the rank of anatomical sketches, or of such descriptions as Byron's *Shipwreck*.

Nathaniel Hawthorne is Washington Irving, with a subtler insight, and wrapt in a deeper dream. He is a man given, like Irving, to perpetual reverie—a permanent tenant of Sleepy Hollow. He sees all things through the half-shut eye. In company, we are told, he is the very genius of silence; silent as was the *Scarlet Letter* on his own heroine's breast. His *Twice-told Tales*, his *Scarlet Letter*, his *House with the Seven Gables*, his *Blithedale Romance*, are all dreams—beautiful, eloquent, profound dreams. Brown painted the somnambulist; Hawthorne is the somnambulist himself. His genius is not composed of sunlight: but may be compared to the moon of the tropics—a softer and dreamier day—and in this light he walks and talks, now of the present, but still more congenially of the past.

In the *Scarlet Letter* he has reproduced the puritanic age of America, in its lights and shades, in the heroic purpose which was the staple of its character, and in the errors and bigotries which too often shot their lines of darkness across it. It is a powerful, but far from a pleasing story. It is like one of those terribly interesting and even glorious visions which sometimes visit your couch, and yet from which you are glad to awake and "cry not to dream again." In the story there are two *Scarlet Letters*. It is a mercy that in literature there is but one.

Of his *House with the Seven Gables* (less in-

teresting and powerful, but more natural and agreeable than the former), or of his *Blithedale Romance*, we need not further speak. His *Twice-told Tales* are, on the whole, his most delightful productions. They form a second *Sketch-book*; informed, however, with greater thought, and displaying wider and warmer sympathies. We linger as we remember many of those little stories, such as "David Swan," "The Village Pump," "The Great Carbuncle," and a number besides. They display in fine miniature those qualities of dreamy wakefulness of vision, pensive and brooding thought, gentle humanity, and quiet easy truth and vividness of description, which characterise the larger works of the author.

(He bears a considerable resemblance to Longfellow in his spirit; but with less lyrical fire he has far more constructive and dramatic power; and with less classical polish and exquisite occasional felicities, displays, we think, a deeper and richer vein of thought.)

We have said that Hawthorne sees all things through the haze of a dream. It is on this account that we are willing to pardon his recent advocacy of slavery in his *Life of General Pearce*. He has had a midsummer-night's dream of slavery, in which its abominations seem softened, its rude angles smoothed, and its poor Bottoms and Snugs translated, not into asses, but into happy and contented men. Isaac Taylor somewhere remarks, that we often think men more miserable than they are, because we do not realise those *illusions* which they cherish, and which support them under affliction and neglect. So it is difficult perhaps for us, living on the soil of British freedom, to realise those Duccesque charms which to the American eye seem to veil the monster form of slavery. But the eye of a seer, such as Hawthorne's, should have pierced through them. How, indeed, any man of genius—a word implying always heart as well as insight—can tolerate or defend such a system as is described in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is to us utterly inconceivable; in fact, as great a mystery as is implied in the continued existence, under the light of the nineteenth century, under the ban of Europe, and under the curse of Eternal Providence, of American slavery itself.

APOLLODORUS.

Ruth: a Novel. By the Author of "Mary Barton." In 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

Agnes Sorel: an Historical Romance. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., In 3 vols. London: Newby.

Passion and Pedantry: a Novel. In 3 vols. London: Newby.

Mr. GASKELL has quitted the unwholesome atmosphere of Manchester, and life among the spindles, which she had made familiar to the novel-reading public in *Mary Barton*, for the purer air, and, according to the poets, more natural and therefore happier existence of a country town. Is the picture brighter, more and joyous? Do we find here the heart of man sympathising with the beauty and perfection of the works of God by which it is encompassed, and showing itself more virtuous, more amiable, more charitable, more pure, more exalted? Is the tone of the authoress even like that of

One who long in populous cities pent,
Where vapours foul and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and fields.

Alas! no. Comparing *Ruth* with *Mary Barton*, the faithful sketch of country-town life with the truthful picture of life in a great metropolis of manufacture, the philosopher and the sentimental must confess that, in despite of the difference of external circumstances, the people of the town and of the country are very much the same, and that, if they differ, it is mainly in the direction rather than in the sum of their vices, their follies, or their virtues. It must be confessed that small societies have their faults and follies at least in equal number with greater gatherings of humanity: that there is no truth in the popular belief that the populations congregated in our manufacturing regions are substantially inferior in morals or disposition to those scattered over the rural districts, or that the former more than the latter require the interposition of the philanthropist for their rescue from vice and misery. Satan is quite as active amid the fields and woods, as in the crowded streets. Wherever man is, there is humanity with all its good and evil.

The remembrance of *Mary Barton* and the reading of *Ruth* have forcibly impressed upon us this great and important truth; for here we have them brought into forcible contrast by the pen of the same truthful artist, equally acquainted with both, and equally skilled in the portraiture of both. This is the first moral to be drawn from *Ruth*; but it is an accidental one,—it was no part of the authoress's design, it is simply a suggestion that will occur to the reader of both.

The moral contemplated in *Ruth* is the possibility of living down an ill reputation—fairly crushing calumny by patient endurance and steady perseverance in well-doing. It is a sort of maxim, universally accepted, and perhaps generally true, that there is one fault in woman which is never forgotten or forgiven by woman, and for which the cruel world accepts no atonement. Mrs. Gaskell has sought in *Ruth* to show that this is not an universal truth; that even women will sometimes forget and forgive after a long, long penance. Nor is this the only moral of *Ruth*. It inculcates another lesson of more practical importance, because of universal application,—the wisdom, as well as virtue, of perfect truthfulness. The troubles of the story are produced by a falsehood told by a good man with a perfectly honest intent—a white lie, in short, such as is told by most persons continually, and by all occasionally, without any thought of harm. *Ruth* shows how even these small departures from strict truth are not merely wrong but impolitic; and that in the long-run truth, even to the letter, is most prudent, as well as most virtuous.

Ruth Hilton's father was a farmer, who ruined himself by idleness; her mother, the daughter of a curate, a lady, but poor. Both parents dying while she was yet young, she was consigned to a vulgar guardian, who put her as an apprentice to a milliner in a country town. In this dangerous position, without a friend or adviser, she yields to the seductions of Mr. Bellingham, under a promise of marriage, which, through the interposition of the gentleman's family, is not fulfilled. Unhappy Ruth contemplates suicide, but is saved by an amiable dissenting minister named Benson, who with his sister take her under their protection, and, to save themselves as well as the object of their charity from the sneers of the world, i.e. of their own world, introduce her as a widow, under a false name. She leads an exemplary life in the country town, and chance brings to it her seducer as a candidate, who feels the revival of his former regard, and ultimately offers her marriage. Ruth has now learned his selfishness, and rejects the offer,—a highly improbable incident by the way. Just at this time her secret gets noised abroad, and she is forthwith subjected to all the petty persecutions of the scandal-mongering society of a country town; but she endures them meekly, and puts them down by resolute persistency in well-doing. As a crowning act of virtue, a terrible fever having broken out in the town, Ruth goes among the sick when all the others fly. By another somewhat improbable chance, her seducer comes again to the borough on election business, and takes the infection; Ruth heroically nurses him through the fever; he is all penitence; and the reader is looking for a happy ending of so protracted a trial, when Mrs. Gaskell visits him with an unexpected disappointment. Ruth catches the fever in her turn, and dies.

But it is not so much for its story as for the admirable portraiture of character and the very fine descriptive passages that abound in it that *Ruth* is to be enjoyed. Mrs. Gaskell has daubed the Dissenting Minister's family and friends. Nothing could be more perfectly true. Then there is Mr. Bradshaw, the great man of the chapel, who leads the congregation and rules the minister—why there are Bradshaws in every country town in England; the likeness will be recognised everywhere. So with Sally, the servant-maid, who had never but two offers, one of them from a madman—Dickens himself has never drawn anything more true and humorous.

Some over-fastidious persons may, perhaps, find fault with the foundation of the story, and object to the very possibility of virtue once lost, even though stolen away by false pretences, being ever regained; but with those who can so harshly view human failings, it is impossible to argue; they can only be asked if they are content to have their own failings meted by their own measure. If so they be, let them abide the test. It may be objected with more justice, that Mrs. Gaskell has indulged somewhat too freely in that mawkish

sentimentality, lately the fashion, but now a little going out of favour, which represents poverty as synonymous with virtue and well-deserving, and wealth as the concomitant of heartlessness and oppression. This is no more true than the opposite picture. Good and ill are pretty evenly distributed in the human character, and, so far as circumstances modify it, the conclusion is not in favour of the views to which we refer. The writers of such did some service in their day, by directing attention to evils that really existed; but their work is done, and clever writers, such as Mrs. Gaskell, should sympathise with and embody the present and not the past. As a specimen we take, not from her pathos, in which she has proved her capacity before, but from her humour, which is a faculty newly developed. Dickens might have boasted of this capital sketch of

SALLY'S OFFERS.

Well, you see, I don't know as I should call them sweethearts; for excepting John Rawson, who was shut up in a mad-house the next week, I never had what you may call a downright offer of marriage but once. But I had once; and so I may say I had a sweetheart. I was beginning to be afraid though, for one likes to be axed; that's but civility; and I remember after I had turned forty, and afore Jeremiah Dixon had spoken, I began to think John Rawson had perhaps not been so very mad, and that I had done ill to lightly his offer, as a madman's, if it was to be the only one I was ever to have; I don't mean as I'd have had him, but I thought if it was to come o'er again, I'd speak respectful of him to folk, and say it were only his way to go about on all-fours, but that he was a sensible man in most things. However, I'd had my laugh, and so had others, at my crazy lover, and it was late now to set him up as a Solomon. However, I thought it would be no bad thing to be tried again; but I little thought the trial would come when it did. You see, Saturday night is a leisure night in counting-houses and such-like places, while it's the busiest of all for servants. Well! it was a Saturday night, and I had my baize apron on, and the tails of my bed-gown pinned together behind, down on my knees pipeclayning the kitchen, when a knock comes to the back door. "Come in!" says I; but it knocked again, as if it were too stately to open the door for itself; so I got up, rather cross, and opened the door; and there stood Jerry Dixon, Mr. Holt's head clerk; only he was not head clerk then. So I stood, stopping up the door, fancying he wanted to speak to master; but he kind of pushed past me, and telling me summat about the weather (as if I could not see it for myself), he took a chair and sat down by the oven. "Cool and easy!" thought I; meaning himself, not his place, which I knew must be pretty hot. Well! it seemed no use standing waiting for my gentleman to go; not that he had much to say either; but he kept twirling his hat round and round, and smoothing the nap on't with the back of his hand. So at last I squatted down to my work, and thinks I, I shall be on my knees all ready if he puts up a prayer, for I knew he was a Methodist by bringing-up, and had only lately turned to master's way of thinking; and them Methodists are terrible handi at unexpected prayers when one least looks for 'em. I can't say I like their way of taking one by surprise, as it were; but then I'm a parish-clerk's daughter, and could never demean myself to dissenting fashions, always save and except Master Thurstan's, bless him. However, I'd been caught once or twice unawares, so this time I thought I'd be up to it, and I moved a dry duster wherever I went, to kneel upon in case he began when I were in a wet place. By-and-by I thought, if the man would pray it would be a blessing, for it would prevent his sending his eyes after me wherever I went; for when they takes to praying they shuts their eyes, and quivers th' lids in a queer kind o'way—them Dissenters does. I can speak pretty plain to you, for you're bred in the Church like myself, and must find it as out o' the way as I do to be among dissenting folk. God forbid I should speak disrespectful of Master Thurstan and Miss Faith, though; I never think on them as Church or Dissenters, but just as Christians. But to come back to Jerry. First, I tried always to be cleaning at his back; but when he wheeled round, so as always to face me, I thought I'd try a different game. So, says I, "Master Dixon, I ax your pardon, but I must pipeclay under your chair. Will you please to move?" Well, he moved; and by-and-by I was at him again with the same words; and after that, again and again, till he were always moving about wi' his chair behind him, like a snail as carries its house on its back. And the great gaups never seed that I were pipeclayning the same places twice over. At last I got desperate cross, he were so in my way; so I made two big crosses on the tails of his brown coat; for you see, wherever he went, up or down, he drew out the tails of his coat from under him, and stuck them through the bars of the chair; and flesh and blood could not resist pipeclayning them for him; and a pretty brushing he'd have, I reckon, to get it off again. Well! at length

he clears his throat uncommon loud; so I spreads my duster, and shuts my eyes all ready; but when nought comed of it, I opened my eyes a little bit to see what he were about. My word! if there he wasn't down on his knees right facing me, staring as hard as he could. Well! I thought it would be hard work to stand that, if he made a long ado; so I shut my eyes again, and tried to think serious, as became what I fancied were coming; but forgive me! but I thought why couldn't the fellow go in and pray wi' Master Thurstan, as had always a calm spirit ready for prayer, instead o' me, who had my dresser to scour, let alone an apron to iron. At last he says, says he, "Sally! will you oblige me with your hand?" So I thought it were, maybe, Methodee fashion to pray hand in hand: and I'll not deny but I wished I'd washed it better after black-leading the kitchen fire. I thought I'd better tell him it were not so clean as I could wish, so says I, "Master Dixon, you shall have it, and welcome, if I may just go and wash 'em first." But says he, "My dear Sally, dirty or clean, it's all the same to me, seeing I'm only speaking in a figuring way. What I'm asking on my bended knees is, that you'd please to be so kind as to be my wedded wife; week after next will suit me, if it's agreeable to you!" My word! I were up on my feet in an instant! It were odd now, weren't it? I never thought of taking the fellow, and getting married; for all, I'll not deny, I had been thinking it would be agreeable to be axed. But all at once, I couldn't abide the chap. "Sir," says I, trying to look shame-faced as became the occasion, but for all that feeling a twittering round my mouth that I were afraid might end in a laugh—"Master Dixon, I'm oblieged to you for the compliment, and thank ye all the same, but I think I prefer a single life." He looked mighty taken aback; but in a minute he cleared up, and was as sweet as ever. He still kept on his knees, and I wished he'd take himself up; but, I reckon, he thought it would give force to his words; says he, "Think again, my dear Sally. I've a four-roomed house, and furniture conformable; and eighty pound a-year. You may never have such a chance again." There were truth enough in that, but it was not pretty in the man to say it; and it put me up a bit. "As for that, neither you nor I can tell, Master Dixon. You're not the first chap as I've had down on his knees afore me, axing me to marry him (you see I were thinking of John Rawson, only I thought there were no need to say he were on all-fours—it were truth he were on his knees, you know), and maybe you'll not be the last. Anyhow, I've no wish to change my condition just now." "I'll wait till Christmas," says he. I've a pig as will be ready for killing then, so I must get married before that." Well now! would you believe it? the pig were a temptation. I'd a receipt for curing hams, as Miss Faith would never let me try, saying the old way were good enough. However, I resisted. Says I, very stern, because I felt I'd been wavering, "Master Dixon, once for all, pig or no pig, I'll not marry you; and if you'll take my advice, you'll get up off your knees. The flags is damp yet, and it would be an awkward thing to have rheumatiz just before winter." With that he got up, stiff enough. He looked as sulky a chap as ever I clapped eyes on. And as he were so black and cross I thought I'd done well (whatever came of the pig) to say "No" to him. "You may live to repent this," says he, very red; "but I'll not be too hard upon ye, I'll give you another chance. I'll let you have the night to think about it, and I'll just call in to hear your secong thoughts, after chapel to-morrow." Well now! did you ever hear the like? But that is the way with all of them men, thinking so much of themselves, and that it's but ask and have. They've never had me, though; and I shall be sixty-one next Martinmas, so there's not much time left for them to try me, I reckon. Well! when Jeremiah said that, he put me up more than ever, and I says, "My first thoughts, second thoughts, and third thoughts is all one and the same: you've but tempted me once, and that was when you spoke of your pig. But of yours' you're nothing to boast on, and so I'll bid you good night, and I'll keep my manners, or else, if I told the truth, I should say it had been a great loss of time listening to you. But I'll be civil—so good night."

Who is G. P. R. JAMES, the author of *Agnes Sorel*? We had supposed him to be the James of *Richeleu* reputation. But upon the title-page he is described as author of "*The Fall*," "*The Woodman*," "*Revenge*," &c., not one of which do we remember as being among the works of the veritable and redoubtable James! Is the name, then, a forgery, or is there really another James? If the latter, neither he nor his publisher should have placed the initials merely of his Christian names, but should have set them out at length, that the world might know that it was not the true James, but one who had the likeness of a name, although unlike in other respects. To put the initial only is as if it had been desired that the public should buy in error. In the substance of the book there is evidence against its authenticity. The James never wrote positive nonsense, or bad English. Here there is abundance of

both, with some wretched punctuation. In other respects there is some merit. The plot is well-constructed; there is much spirit in the telling of the story; the characters are well drawn and distinctly developed. *Agnes Sorel* is not worthy of the James's past reputation; but it is a tolerable shadow of himself by his double.

Passion and Pedantry has considerable merits. It contains a great deal of very good writing. The author has taken pains with it, and the result rewards the labour, as pains-taking always does. The want of experience is apparent in the construction of the plot, which is not artistical, and the characters are somewhat too generalised, that is to say, they are rather the representatives of classes than individuals; but they talk naturally, and act rationally, which is not always found to be the case in fictions even of writers of reputation. The descriptions and the reflective passages are particularly good. The style is singularly pleasing, smooth, unaffected, lively and graphic. Satire seems to be the author's aim, and he has shown capacity for the humorous in Mrs. Mifflins and Miss Puffins. If this is a first essay at novel-writing, much may be anticipated from the experience of so promising an aspirant.

The Cabin and the Parlor; or, Slaves and Masters, by J. F. RANDOLPH (Clarke & Co.) is a sort of counter-blast to *Uncle Tom*, but wanting in all that made the latter so attractive.—The new volume of *The Parlour Library*, the pioneer of the shilling novels, and certainly the best selection of them, contains the Hon. Mrs. NORRIS's *Stuart of Dunleath*, which deservedly obtained much popularity in its three-volumed shape, and in this cheap form will multiply its admirers tenfold.—*The Wide, Wide World*, by ELIZABETH WETHERELL, is a clever story from America, reprinted by Clarke & Co. Its tendency and tone are highly religious.—The same publishers have also reproduced here *The Tell-Tale; or, Sketches of Domestic Life in the United States*, by H. FORESTER and GRACE GREENWOOD. They are vivid pictures of a phase of society differing much from our own; and they are not chargeable with unfairness, as are so many of the portraits drawn by travellers.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Vale of Lanherne and other Poems. By HENRY SEWELL STOKES. London. 1852. THE Italian ottava rima, as modified by Spenser, and by him improved by the introduction of the Alexandrine, is the stanza adopted to shadow forth the natural beauties of the vale of Lanherne. This stanza has been given prominence and popularity by such poems as *The Faery Queen*, *The Minstrel*, *Childe Harold*, and others of undiminished fame, and hence it is fair to infer that its construction is admirably adapted to portray passions, fancies, and those artistic delineations which constitute the general term, Poetry. And so it is. The ottava rima has in its form an inherent dignity; it moves onward with the steady, unfaltering step of a hero, with the majesty of Achilles. The most indifferent thoughts are only able to modify, not destroy, the music of its march. With the form of the stanza decidedly in favour, is the poet otherwise equal to the task of describing the beauties of the Vale of Lanherne? On some points our answer is in the affirmative, on others in the negative. *Fiat justitia ruat cælum*. Mr. Stokes is capable of giving us pictures, miniature transfers from the bold and broad canvas of nature, coloured with evident taste and refinement of touch. The educated artist is always conspicuous, the intuitive genius not so evident. Mr. Stokes is very capable of giving the idea of the physical; verdant meads, towering cliffs, and shadowy sails, are multiplied in his book as they are reflected in the waters. He is, in fact, a very clever portrait-painter. This is not the highest attribute of genius. The best Venus and the best Apollo of the sculptor are made best by soul shining through the marble and overspreading the most perfect form of humanity. To detail inanimate nature may be no other than an industrial habit, a ready faculty of transposition; but to show the link between material nature and the immaterial spirit of man is beyond the habit or faculty of mere transposition. Byron furnished the readiest example of our meaning when he stood on the summit of the Wengen Alps and exclaimed

"To me
High mountains are a *feeling*."

This is precisely what we do not discover in Mr. Stokes. He does not show, at least fully, that his emotions are strongly identified with the

objects he delineates. His love of nature is either a habit, or he has not yet acquired the mode of showing that it is a passion.

This may not be the short-coming, but the hesitancy of the poet. He shrinks from exhibiting his personality, and hence he fails to put forth the range of his thought. He is more content to describe than to illustrate; more disposed to define than to pull aside the rich curtain of suggestiveness just so far as to show glimpses of the beautiful, which the brain of his reader must follow and track out. We are pleased to admit that Mr. Stokes is a very good descriptive poet—that he is generally graphic and graceful; but we are trying him by the highest poetical test, because he is far above the host of literary aspirants, and because he needs little else than courage and self-reliance to take a higher stand. Wanting these aids, his poems, as a natural consequence, are deficient of individuality. Poems not individual may give a certain amount of pleasure, but they never pass into the hearts and memories of a people. Still a poet may not be aware that he is following too closely in the luminous footsteps of others. He may be, as Mr. Stokes undoubtedly is, a man of taste, of fancy, and extensive reading; but he may not give himself so entirely to the habit of independent thought as to obliterate from his memory the forms, words, and manners of the authors who have delighted him. Therefore he will not make plain his own identity; therefore he will lose his unity in many mental features anterior to his own. Such is the case now under consideration. We will quote two stanzas from *The Vale of Lanherne*, which will show how more than one author, but these of the best class, have engrafted themselves on Mr. Stokes's recollection.

Tis now the hour when o'er the eastern hills
Morn, like a blushing bride, her pearls puts on,
While the proud lark at Heaven's high lattice trills;
Now milkmaids blithe their quilted kirtles don,
And the rough ploughman gapes and growls anon
As the cock's clarion pierces his dull ear;
Down the green lane the lowing kine are gone
To where the noisy brooklet bubbles clear,
And in the folds their shaggy guardian fear.
Now may be heard, under the vantage eave
Of trellis'd villa in smooth-shaven lawn,
The twittering swallow, that seems loath to leave
Her procreant cradle for the breezy dawn;
And at that soft sweet revellie, half drawn
The muslin from the casement's jealous bar,
Shows a fair form more timid than the fawn
But with an eye that, like the morning star,
Gleams through its lashes long, which black as midnight are.

We gladly turn to the brighter side of the book. *The Vale of Lanherne* is mainly notable for its poetic "sketches," for its faithful description of woodland and coast scenery of the most beautiful and imposing kind. To the tourist who visits the romantic locality of Cornwall selected for description by Mr. Stokes, this poem will no doubt yield much pleasure and information. The book is very elegantly got up, and is illustrated by some clever lithographic views. One feature in the poem we are always ready to welcome,—it is a cheerfulness and buoyancy of tone, a disposition to regard life, not as a sterile waste, but as an elastic and delicious condition, for which God has made his blessings manifest through objects which gratify the eye, and instruct the intellect. Many of the episodes in *The Vale of Lanherne* are good specimens of rhythmical skill and patient revision. The miscellaneous poems are not so sharp and nervous as short compositions should be, and they certainly do not indicate the mental stature of the author. From the poem of the most pretension, and most ability, we present an extract which does not stand alone in its merit.

Over an early grave the minstrel wept,
His own untimely fate not long deferr'd;
While yet the chords his gentle hand had swept,
Still with a low sweet modulation stirr'd,
Sleep changed to death, and not a moan was heard:
His lamp no more sheds far its midnight ray,
He hears no more the valley's early bird,
His steps no more amid the wild thyme stray,
No more these shores resound his full melodious lay.

Yet like the murmur of the ocean-shell,
In which the listener hears the far-off sea;
Or like the accents of the distant bell,
That, as the traveller lingers on the lea,
Warns him one more bright day has ceased to be:
So breathe the numbers still of him who sang—
Faint echoes from the cells of memory,
Soun's as of harp upon the willows hang,
That tell to what deep tones the trembling chords were strung.
Such are the wrecks Time leaves of noble hearts,
Precious mementos of relentless doom;
Thus hope eludes, and excellence departs;
Thus for a moment gerius gilds life's gloom;
Thus fame entwines her garlands for the tomb.
Life is the leaf, and poesy the flower
That cheers the waste, and makes the landscape bloom;
A blossom spared from Eden's thornless bower,
Yielding its sweetest scent in sorrow's darkest hour.

Poems, by KOI HAI, are wretched productions, wanting in all that constitutes poetry—ideas, metre, rhyme, and rhythm. For instance: bad metre:

Such Leander's tumultuous delight
While pondering o'er afeat he'd do that night.

Bad rhyme—

For Cruelty, beyond all crimes the greatest,
Punishment, or soon or late, thou meetest.

Nonsense—

Dost forget
The tortured Regulus—whose groans do yet
Disturb us through the door of history—
Because he could not act with treachery,
As, in a cask confined, with studded nails
Projecting inward, each his flesh assails.
As porcupine without, the cask within;
Where'er he turn'd them tore his quivering skin;
His eyelids also—mercy's boon alone
To guard 'gainst blindness the Almighty one
Has given—were clipp'd from off their rest:
And thus he lay the morning's sun to test.
His arms and feet were bound, lest he thereby
At times alleviate his misery.

This is a fair specimen of the whole. Have we proved our assertion?—*Poems, Sacred and Miscellaneous*, by HENRY GRAZEBROOK, are much better, but nevertheless they are wanting in genius; they are nothing more than true sentiments expressed in correct verse, but with no novelty of thought to entitle them to be classed as poetry, which is something more than a mere common-place in rhyme. Divorced from its metrical form, without dislocating a word, and the reader would not know but that he was perusing ordinary prose. For instance:

This life is but a scene of endless woe
To all who count on earth and things below;
Our joys are only lent, they are not given,
Lest their misuse should bar the way to heaven.

Now this has been in almost the same words a hundred times before. It is simply a truism in metre. What poetry is there in it, if poetry be something beyond the mechanism of verse?

MISCELLANEOUS.

Legends of the Madonna, as represented in the Fine Arts. By MRS. JAMESON. London. 1852.

HENCEFORTH all generations shall call thee blessed!

And from the hour of the angelic annunciation down to the present, wherever the doctrine of the cross has been published, the lips of believers have repeated the salutation,—Blessed art thou among women! And wherever the story of the Evangelie has been heard, there have sprung up and had their being legends that in truth, beauty, and purity, beggar all that is truthful, beautiful, and pure in ancient song and mythology. Therefore it is that we have ever respected, and even tried to believe, all that has come down to us through ecclesiastical tradition, respecting the Virgin, the mother of the Lord; and therefore it is that we join in all the melodies of painting and poetry, to which her name has given birth, from the rudest painting on rudest wall of hamlet church, to the finest conception of human genius in basilica or cathedral—from the lowliest carol sung by shoeless beggar in the midst of sleet and snow upwards to the most soaring lay of our latest laureate—

Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
With the least shade of thought to sin allied!
Woman! above all women glorified.

But, in good time, let us guard ourselves against misconception. We can distinguish between venerating the Virgin and worshipping the Virgin, as we can distinguish between venerating and worshipping a parent. It is in this sense, and through this sentiment of veneration, that we appreciate all legendary lore and its poetry respecting the *Madonna—Our Lady!* It is thus that we have never failed to be attracted by even the humblest nursery-tale where the Queen of Heaven has interposed. Mother of Pity! her healing eyes have fallen upon the sick child, and restored him to the arms of his watching, anxious parent. Mother of Mercy! she has penetrated the cell and the dungeon, and refreshed the heart of the prisoner, and lightened his chains, and brought sleep to his eyes and slumber to his eyelids. Mother of Grace! she has exalted the humble and raised the beggar from the dunghill. Mother of Purity! she has scared the foul bird from his prey, and, when the persecuted damsel stretched forth her arms and implored for aid, there was she to assist. Mother of Beauty! she appears to the child in the rainbow, to the maiden in the rose, to the seaman in the morning-star, when she rises above the brim of the ocean, and sings of light and life as she sang with her sister stars on the morning of creation, when the sons of God shouted with joy. Mother of

Strength! when the arm of the knight has been feeble, contending against paynim hosts, she has come to his succour and given him the victory. The legend of the Madonna has no end. What harm, among other things, to believe with the reverend author of a pamphlet, which we recollect reading not many years since, that the "virgin mother" and the "beloved disciple" are both interred at Tara Hill in Ireland? We cannot away with the man of prose, who is for ever demanding chapter and verse to authenticate to his mind the consecrated subjects of poetry. Can we suspect of all men, our own Shelley of idolatry, when thus he hymns?

Seraph of Heaven! too gentle to be human,
Velling beneath that radiant form of woman
All that is insupportable in thee!
Of light, and love, and immortality!
Sweet Benediction in the eternal curse!
Veil'd Glory of this lampless universe!
Thou Moon beyond the clouds! Thou Living Form
Among the Dead! Thou Star above the storm!
Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou Terror!
Thou Harmony of Nature's art! Thou Mirror
In whom, as in the splendour of the Sun,
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on!
She where she stands! a mortal shape endued
With love, and life, and light, and deity;
The motion which may change, but cannot die;
An image of some bright eternity;
A shadow of some golden dream; a splendour
Leaving the third sphere pilotless.

And Shelley does not stand alone in this abundance of epithets, which, though not directly applied to the Madonna, assemble most of the symbols which the poets have delighted to heap upon her. Mrs. Jameson, in this her own graceful tribute to the Virgin, has quoted from all who have sung of Mary, from Dante down to men of the present hour. She not only tells us what hymns the poet has sung, but what pictures the painter has painted to realise to the material eye the graces, the beauties, the perfections, and the sorrows also, of the Mother of the Lord. This is essentially a book of art, written by an accomplished, painstaking woman, thoroughly versed in her subject, and treating it throughout with a feeling and delicacy becoming the theme.

In a concise introduction she states the origin of the worship of the Madonna, as far as art is concerned. She says:

"The very first instance which occurs in written history of an invocation to Mary, is in the life of St. Justina, as related by Gregory Nazienzen. Justina calls on the Virgin-mother to protect her against the seducer and sorcerer, Cyprian; and does not call in vain. These passages, however, do not prove that previously to the fourth century there had been no worship or invocation of the Virgin, but rather to the contrary. However this may be, it is to the same period—the fourth century—we refer the most ancient representations of the Virgin in art. The earliest figures extant are those on the Christian sarcophagi; but neither in the early sculpture nor in the mosaics of S. Maria Maggiore do we find any figure of the Virgin standing alone; she forms part of a group of the Nativity or the Adoration of the Magi. There is no attempt at individuality or portraiture. St. Augustine says expressly, that there existed in his time no authentic portrait of the Virgin; but it is inferred from his account that, authentic or not, such pictures did then exist, since there were already disputes concerning their authenticity."

Here also is a piece of information, that must be new to some of even our learned readers:

AVE MARIA.

Towards the end of the tenth century the custom of adding the angelic salutation, the *Ave Maria*, to the Lord's prayer, was first introduced; and by the end of the following century, it had been adopted in the offices of the Church. This was, at first, intended as a perpetual reminder of the mystery of the Incarnation, as announced by the angel. It must have had the effect of keeping the idea of Mary as united with that of her Son, and as the instrument of the Incarnation, continually in the minds of the people.

Next we have the symbols and attributes of "our lady," collected and put together by a lady whose taste, industry, patience, and accuracy, are known to ourselves and to many. Mary Mother is the sun and moon—"Electa ut Sol, pulchra ut Luna"—the woman of the Apocalypse, who is "clothed with the sun, having the moon under her feet." She is Our Lady of the Star—*Stella Maris*, Star of the Sea; *Stella Jacobi*, Star of Jacob; *Stella Matutina*, Star of the Morning; *Stella non erratica*, the Fixed Star. From heaven her image is reflected upon earth; and if her star of night look down from the dark blue vault, her stars of day look up from the green earth, and these, kissing midway between, make chastest marriage.

Mary Mother is the lily—emblem of all purity.

—“the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley.” Mary Mother is the rose, as we know it in the heyday of June, red or white, and ever fragrant. She is *hortus conclusus*—the garden enclosed; *porta clausa*—the shut-up gate. She is the well of water ever full. She is the spreading cedar and the victorious palm; the peaceful olive, and the mirror (*sine macula*)—the spotless—she is the Sealed-up Book.

The globe is the symbol of her sovereignty. Under her feet, and encircled by a serpent, it figures our redemption. The apple implies the necessity of redemption. But fruit or flower, placed in the hand of virgin or child, in altarpiece or otherwise, by mediæval master, betokens fertility and abundance—the fruits of the Spirit—joy, peace, love.” Says farther our author, “The Dove, as the received emblem of the Holy Spirit, is properly placed above, as hovering over the Virgin.” Properly enough when we call to mind the inspired and golden legend—“the Holy Ghost shall overshadow thee!”

This is, as we have already said, a Book of Art—by no means a book to call forth controversy. The legends recited are the legends that have given birth to some of the finest productions of the pencil. Mary the maid; Mary the mother and maiden still; Mary in flight from the swordsmen of Herod clasping the sleeping Jesus to her breast; Mary in the Temple, and Mary at the wedding-feast of Cana; Mary at the Cross—

Mater Dolorosa.—Mary at the sepulchre, and—Mary in Heaven! This Mary has tasked the utmost powers of poet and painter; and all that either the one or the other has done well lives, and will continue to live, and will be better known, through this contribution to literature and art made by Mrs. Jameson.

The new volume of Bohn's *Classical Library* is a translation of *Lucan's Pharsalia*, by Mr. H. T. RILEY, who has adhered faithfully to the text, rendering almost word for word, so far as the different structures of the two languages permit. —*The Philological Library* is a new undertaking by the same spirited publisher, and we have now before us the second volume of the series, which contains Mr. D. TURNER'S *Notes on Herodotus*. It is a work of singular learning, the production of a scholar who is something more than word-wise. Mr. Turner has mastered the spirit of the old historian, and treats of his meaning at least as much as of the language in which it is conveyed. Every student of the original, whether at school or college, should possess this cheap and neat edition of the notes that illustrate it.—*The Antiquarian Library* of Mr. BOHN has been enriched by a collection of the Popular Tales and Traditions from the literature of North Germany, Sweden, and Denmark, made by Mr. B. THORPE, and published together under the title of *Yule-Tide Stories*. It should, however, be observed, that these are not merely the fictions of fanciful writers, but the genuine traditions of the countries whence they were derived. Some of them are extremely quaint and curious.—

Mr. STERLING has published *A Plan of National Defense*, in which he advocates a general arming and training of the whole population, a special fund to be raised for the purpose.—*A Farmer's Budget* is a counter-blast to the Disraeli budget and the expected Gladstone budget. It proposes immense repeals of taxation, the deficiency to be supplied by a graduated property-tax.—*The Drunkard's Progress* is an appeal to the eye against indulgence in liquor, a series of very clever and characteristic woodcuts, presenting the various changes from comfort and health to poverty, disease, and death.—A third edition has been called for of Mr. W. WILSON'S *Little Earnest Book upon a Great Old Subject*. It treats of poetry and the poets, and is now nicely illustrated by George Cruikshank.—The series of *Readable Books* published by Clarke and Co. has received, as its most recent addition, Mr. WARE'S *Pictures of European Capitals*, an American book of considerable interest, and a volume entitled *Wellington; the Story of his Life*, &c. which is not so good. It is illustrated by many woodcuts of some merit.—HARRY HIEOVER, who has obtained some reputation for various treatises on the *manège*, has now published a little volume on *The Proper Condition of all Horses*: (Newby.) It contains practical instructions for the management of the horse, and there is no person who keeps one who would not find his advantage in reading and observing the sagacious advice here given to him. He will save the cost of the book ten times over in flesh and physic.—JARED SPARKS has again replied to Lord Mahon's letter on the Washington controversy, in a long pamphlet extremely uninteresting to all but the parties immediately concerned in the dispute.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

We have to apologise for the omission of the Summary of Foreign Literature, hitherto regularly given in this division of THE CRITIC. The omission is unavoidable, and will not occur again.

FRANCE.

THE REVOLUTIONARY EMPIRE.

La Révolution Sociale. [The Social Revolution.] By P. J. PROUDHON. Paris: Garnier, Frères. “I do not write against him who can proscribe, said CAMILLE DESMOULINS, towards the end of '93, when ROBESPIERRE, all powerful, was on the way to save society, and the Republic had already ceased to exist.”

With this biting taunt PROUDHON commences the work published shortly after his release from prison, and we review it as a kind of literary and political curiosity. According to circumstances it may be considered either as a capitulation or a challenge to the Prince President on the eve of Empire: the vanquished chief of a party professes submission to the necessities of the time; he salutes the victorious eagle, but without abating one iota of the force of his cold quiet sarcasm and inexorable logic. Force is the distinctive character of PROUDHON's writings; he retrenches every word that might occupy space for ornament without utility, or divert attention from the bare and rugged outline of his thought. Under an apparent harshness, the singular adaptation of his style to his idea, constitutes the true and classic beauty in this figure of a modern gladiator who declares himself to be the most energetic and disinterested adversary LOUIS NAPOLEON ever had or will meet again. LOUIS NAPOLEON stands in an equivocal position towards the chiefs of socialism; he has coquetted with them at different periods, and his apparent leaning to their principles obliged his conservative friends to apologize and explain; and now PROUDHON accuses him of imitating his uncle in the exercise of undue severity to the republicans, punishing them for faults committed by the royalists even, or others, their opponents. Socialism believes in its star with no less faith than NAPOLEON is said to trust in his. If BONAPARTE'S religion rests on the imperial tradition, the revolution is the religion of socialism. Socialism has received a check, but the battle of ideas is not yet over.

Consequently, the elevation of LOUIS NAPOLEON and the defeat of his own party, are regarded by PROUDHON as circumstances in the fatality of events, necessary to examine and understand, but powerless to stem the tide of the revolution. Because LOUIS NAPOLEON has seized the helm he is fated either to guide the vessel in the course of

the stream or perish; but we prefer citing, in his own words, the author's definition of his idea and the purpose of his book.

Louis Napoleon is the mandatory of the revolution, under pain of falling.

Upon this thought I have composed a book * * * You (Louis Napoleon) are the revolution of the nineteenth century, if not, the 2nd of December would be only an historic accident, without principle, without result. This is my first point: next, are you conscious of it? do you desire it? dare you avow it? Perplexing questions that I cannot answer. They constitute my second point, my whole book, consolation for myself, hope for my co-religionists, *defiance to the counter-revolution*. To this book I have given my manner, my style, my ideas, my opinions, my fears, yet notwithstanding the extreme frankness, not the least attack against the President or government.

The sale of the book was interdicted, and the above extract occurs in a letter published by *La Presse*—a remonstrance addressed to LOUIS NAPOLEON against the injustice of the act. LOUIS NAPOLEON answered the appeal, and whether he accepted the challenge or simply the capitulation, allowed free course to *La Révolution Sociale*.

Numerous works have been written in anticipation of the Empire, by friends, by enemies, and by the mercenary corps of reserve at the service of any government; but the present one is remarkable for its bold freedom of discussion, sparing neither the past acts, the present conduct, nor the future prospects of the government of France. PROUDHON, upon the ruins of a defeated party, rises before LOUIS NAPOLEON like the accusing genius of the revolution. The spectacle of this duel of ideas, the spiritual contest of Imperialism and Republicanism as it exists in France, and is represented by the author, we wish to place before our readers. We avoid entering into the subject of his peculiar opinions or his philosophy, which would not only claim a separate study and more elaborate criticism, but infringe upon our strict line of political exclusion. The following extracts are clear in themselves, and we have arranged them so as to form the required picture.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S HOROSCOPE.

Powerful truths to the powerful, it is their right and our duty, provided we mingle neither perfidy nor offence, *Absque dolo et injuria!*

I wish to tell Louis Napoleon his fortune, with this reserve, that he remains perfectly master at his own risk and peril, to prove me false and deceive the irreconcileable destiny. The decree is inflexible, but man has the liberty to disobey, for, declares the law of the twelve tables, “Whoever violates the law is accursed,” that is, in the antique language later adopted by the church,—devoted to the infernal gods, anathematized, *qui secus faxit, sacer esto!*

How many, during the last sixty years, have been

thus anathematized for their ignorance as much as for their rebellion! Louis XVI., *sacer esto!* Napoleon, *sacer esto!* Charles X., *sacer esto!* Louis Philippe, *sacer esto!* and amongst the republicans, La Gironde, Danton, Robespierre, Ledru Rollin, Cavaignac, each with his. Nothing could save them, neither their energy nor their virtue. Either they have not willed, or they have not comprehended, the sentence has been the same, *sacri sunt!*

Louis Napoleon has also his mandate, the more imperative that he has seized it by violence. It is possible, even in following his star, that Louis Napoleon may fall before the completion of his work; the ordinary destiny of initiators is to seal their initiation with their blood. They also are expiatory victims, the vengeance of old interests and old ideas pursues them to death. The people they serve do not rise to save them: the greater the prosperity they owe, the less their gratitude. In this rude profession of a revolutionary apostle, they must labour gratis, and often even give their blood with their fortune. But which is better for the chief of a state, to perish by the steel of Ravaillac or that of the guillotine?—to die the death of martyrs or that of reactionists?—anathematized for glory, or anathematized for shame? Bonaparte, I read this in your star, *sacer esto*.

The destiny of LOUIS NAPOLEON, which must absorb his individuality, the difficulties that await him in peace or war, the wants and state of the nation are elaborately detailed, and in a skilful analysis of the Emperor NAPOLEON's career, PROUDHON gives to his nephew the benefit of warning and comparison.

The points of comparison between the two BONAPARTES are well explained according to the Author's view, but he exhorts LOUIS NAPOLEON, after considering the causes that placed him in the position he has attained:—

DO NOT DECEIVE THE REVOLUTION!

You cannot continue this wretched parody of the imperial epoch; and if, as certain philosophers are induced to think, you are a new incarnation of your uncle, you have not returned to fall into the ancient errors, but to do penance for them. You owe to us the expiation of 1814 and 1815, which means the ten years of imperial servitude, the expiation of the legitimacy restored through you, the expiation of the quasi-legitimacy which you have rendered possible. Place yourself in union with your epoch and your country for you can do nothing by yourself any more than the Italy of Mazzini, *Italia fara da si*. Your star will not suffer it, the people will not suffer it, the shade not yet purified, of Napoleon, will not suffer it, and I, your benevolent astrologer, who aspire only with so many others to reach the end,—neither will I suffer it! The Emperor believed he could arrest, by war, the corrosion, of parties; detestable resource, attesting less the despotism of the man than the extremity to which he was reduced. War, then, in last resort, pronounced against the Emperor. But in what war could Louis Napoleon engage? For what cause? Against whom? With what? I suggest these questions without pressing

them; I wish to say nothing which should have the appearance of defiance or irony. Let us then pass over the idea of warlike policy. Since it is almost forbidden that the 2nd of December should render to the people this imperial poesy; since he is condemned to vile prose, economical and social, let us assure him that ideas are only combated by ideas. The revolution cannot be deceived, were it by the Emperor, living and victorious; and do we imagine that to overcome it will suffice these imperial ashes brought from exile, in the present day when people believe no longer in ghosts? when the revolution speaks at every moment? when the proscribed carry its name to all corners of the globe? when absolute power keeps an armed watch night and day, and the capital trembles under its violent embrace?

PROUDHON, with a kind of bitter scorn, draws his conclusions with regard to the philosophy of the event, the hollowness of universal suffrage when exercised by a people uneducated and unprepared, and the condition of the country and the public mind.

After this are you astonished at the 7,600,000 voices given on the 26th of December to Louis Napoleon? Oh, Louis Napoleon is truly the elect of the people. The people, you say, were not free, the people were deceived, the people were terrified,—vain protests. Are men afraid, do they deceive themselves, are they not free in such a case? It is we republicans who have repeated upon the faith of our most respected traditions, *The voice of the people is the voice of God*; this voice named Napoleon. As expression of the popular will he is the most legitimate of sovereigns. * * * The future will pronounce upon review of the acts of Louis Napoleon if the *coup d'état* of the 2nd December was, I will not say, legitimate, there is no legitimacy contrary to law, but in the point of view of the public welfare, excusable.

FALLACY OF LAWS AGAINST THE PRESS.

To check the terror of democracy it was supposed necessary by an extreme concentration of power to deprive the country of sovereignty, sequester the masses from politics, prohibit every writer not attached to the ministry from treating political subjects. The suspension of the political faculty: such was the order of the counter-revolution. Let us admire the result; the greater the force employed to enchain the word, the more powerfully the protesting thought reacts and overflows. * * * From the highest to the lowest point of society all who produce, who work, who consume, are attached to the political action, and may be considered as a function of government. Each individual who labours, buys or sells, is in a manner representative of the state which can do nothing without his free concurrence and adhesion. It would be strange, indeed, in a country where, by the progress of centuries, the government is no more than the connection of interests, should a pretension exist to exclude these interests from government, and rule the nation after the model of the autocrat of Russia or the Sultans of Babylon.

ORGANIZATION OF LABOUR.

The organization of labour, conceived in the sense and as development of the institutions of St. Louis, is incompatible with liberty of labour and exchange. Upon this point the negation is perpetual. Progress is not the constitution of the group which should ever remain spontaneous and free, it is the elevation of the individual. Economical perfection consists in the absolute independence of the labourer, as political perfection consists in the absolute independence of the citizen. As it is impossible to realize this high state of perfection, society approaches nearer and nearer towards it by a continued movement of emancipation.

ANARCHY OR CÆSARISM—CONCLUSION.

Anarchy or Cæsarism—M. Romieu has told you so, the Jesuits tell you, and I repeat it for the hundredth time—Cæsarism was possible for the Romans when, to the victory of the plebeians over the patricians, was added the conquest of the world as a guarantee of their subsistence; then Cæsar could recompense his veterans with lands taken from the foreigner, pay his pretorians with the tribute of the foreigner, feed his plebeians with the products of the foreigner. Sicily, Egypt, furnished their grain, Greece her artists, Asia her gold, her perfumes and her courtesans, Africa her monsters, the Barbarians their gladiators. The pillage of nations organized for the consumption of the Roman plebeian, idle, ferocious, hideous, and for the security of the emperor. Such was Cæsarism and such it lasted, good or evil for three centuries, till the coalition of foreign plebeians under the name of Christianity had filled the empire and conquered Cæsar. The state of things is widely different in the present day. We have lost our conquests, those of the emperor and those of the republic. We do not derive from the foreigner a centime with which to bestow alms upon the meanest of the Decembrists, and Algeria costs us, good and bad years, 100,000,000f.; the plebeians can no longer be supported with the spoils of vanquished nations; to teach them how to live by their own production, in a word by labour, this is the question, and how will Cæsar solve it? * * * As for men, I believe readily in their good intentions, but more firmly in the defect of their judgment. It is written in the book of Psalms, *Put not your confidence in princes, in the children of Adam*, meaning

in those whose thought is subjective, *for safety is not with them*. I believe, for our common misfortune, that the revolutionary idea ill-defined in the mind of the masses, leaves to government the entire option of its policy. I believe that power is surrounded with impossibilities it does not perceive, with contradictions it does not understand, with snares the universal ignorance conceals from it. I believe that any government may last if it will, by affirming its historic reason and placing itself in the direction of the interests it is called to serve. But I believe, also, men never change, and if Louis XVI., after having let forth the revolution, wished to withdraw it, if the emperor, if Charles X. and Louis Philippe preferred to perish rather than give it course, it is scarcely probable their successors should so soon and spontaneously become its promoters. For that reason I hold myself apart from the government, more disposed to feel compassion for it than to make war against it, and, devoted solely to the country, accept for aim and for device, *The Education of the People*.

We conclude our quotations with one that affords an example of the poetic vein in which M. PROUDHON, chained to his stern logic, rarely indulges, and terminate with the last as we began with the first sentence in his book.

Oh, France, country of bards and of the eternal revolution! country of liberty! for, in spite of thy servitudes, in no place of the world, neither in Europe nor in America, is the mind which constitutes all the man so free as it is with thee. Country that I love, with the accumulated love the son in growing years bears towards his mother, the father feels increasing with his children, how long must I yet see thee suffer? Suffer, not for thyself alone, but for the world which rewards thee with insult and envy; suffer innocently because ignorant of thyself. Awake, mother! neither thy princesses, thy barons, nor thy counts can save thee, nor can thy pretlates comfort thee with their benedictions. Guard, if thou wilt, the remembrance of those who have well done, and pray sometimes over their monuments, but seek for them no successors: they have finished. Commence the new life, Venus Urania; shed forth thy perfumes, flower of humanity! And humanity will revive and its unity be created by thee, for the unity of the human race is the unity of my country, and the spirit of the human race is also but the spirit of my country.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Palermo, December 15th.

ONE can hardly suppose, after observing the habits of life in this city, that so much intellectuality prevails among the Sicilians as might be expected from the place their country occupies in history. One need only walk down the Toledo (the great street of Palermo) any evening to perceive what are the occupations that fill the leisure hours of a large proportion of the higher classes—gentlemen at least. When not at the opera, the entire evening is spent at the *Bottega di Conversazione*; these anti-domestic establishments being passed by at intervals of a few yards along the whole extent of a street measuring at least a mile—their open doors revealing a style of luxury within that might be described as Oriental, but the *pabulum* provided for intellectual nourishment miserably stinted indeed, namely, drafts, dominoes, and the official Italian journals, no other papers being permitted. There is a casino, founded about ten years since, where Italian, French, and English periodicals are taken, and a small but choice collection of books is at the use of the members, whose average number is about 250, each having the privilege of introducing a stranger to enjoy the same advantages as subscribers, gratis, for three months. I must bear grateful testimony to the politeness shown the foreign visitor in this establishment, and to the comforts of its elegantly-furnished and well-lighted reading-rooms; but it is the billiard, not the above-named rooms, that are frequented by the great majority every evening, and I scarcely ever observed an individual making use of the books. There are three public, but no circulating, libraries here; of the former the principal being that of the Senate, the other two belonging to the Jesuits and Oratorians (or Philosophes). All these libraries are on a scale worthy of their destination in a metropolitan city; and the Senatorial has a claim to receive copies of all books published in Sicily. Here, where I spend some hours of nearly every morning, I generally find from twenty-five to thirty young men studying; and the ecclesiastic who presides (for this library also is under the keeping of the Jesuits, having been transferred to their convent of professed regulars) does not scruple to give out prohibited works, when he is acquainted with the character or intentions of the applicant. If the pursuits of literature are neglected, and as a profession almost totally unknown, save by those who fill the chairs of universities in Sicily, we can be surprised at this in a country where literary distinction almost inevitably entails on its possessor suspicion, surveillance, and the ill-will of those in high places? Suffice it to remember, for illustration of the history of letters in this island, that its Amari and Serradifalco are at this moment obliged to be living in exile! The University of Palermo (founded in 1806) does

not at present number among its professors any of more than local celebrity, though Bruno, the Professor of Political Economy (author of a work on the Italian Customs League), and Mancino, Professor of Metaphysics (author of a volume called *System of Philosophy*), enjoy a reputation with their countrymen. The most distinguished astronomer of recent times at the Observatory here, Cacciatore, has lately been deprived, because considered compromised in the revolution, and his successor is not a person of note. There are actually no Professors of Greek, Archaeology, or Arabic, though all these cathedrae are included in the academic programme! A chair for Architecture and Topographic Design has just been created by the king, and its occupant, Saverio Cavalieri, nominated at once, in consideration of his eminent merits, the rule of competition being in this instance dispensed with by royal prerogative, as it may be indeed in every instance, the existing administration of the Sicilian universities placing them in absolute dependence on the Crown. The great defect of their system consists in the miserably low average of remuneration, the salary of the majority of professors being only 240 ducats (about 60*l.*) per annum; the higher amount of 365 piastres (about 120*l.*) being awarded to those professors whose lectures require instrumental preparation and experimental display. The consequence is that the professors, unless of independent fortune, are obliged to seek assistance by every other means within reach, taking private pupils, &c., and, not unnaturally, are prone to avail themselves of excuses for absence from the lecture-room. The students, on the other hand, derive the only benefit this parsimonious system renders, the academic course being attended with no expenses for them, save a simple fee at matriculation. I have heard Professor Bruno, and admired in his lectures a fluent, pleasing delivery, perspicuous of style, and well-ordered disposal of subject-matter; but a great deficiency in the arrangement of the halls has struck me, no desks or other convenience for taking notes being provided. The University, formerly a convent, has still the monastic aspect, and a certain air of melancholy in its long corridors and dimly-lighted halls. It contains, besides the museum of art, a cabinet of anatomic waxworks, very well executed, though not equal to those at Florence and Bologna. Generally speaking, the physical sciences are most cultivated here, and those studies whose bearing is purely intellectual, apart from the practical interests of life, most neglected. The number of students, reaching at times (I am informed) the maximum of 1000, does not at present exceed between 500 or 600.

Catania boasts of a higher position in letters and science than Palermo, and has produced a greater galaxy of distinguished writers. The university of that city refers its origin to the gymnasium founded by Marcellus, on his return victorious from the siege of Syracuse. But even this antiquity has not satisfied some of its historians, who, in spite of the unequivocal statement of Plutarch, affirm that Marcellus restored, but did not found, the Gymnasium at Catania; that a school of medicine flourished here in the time of Hippocrates, four centuries b.c. In the ancient annals of letters and medicine, Catania, indeed, has received illustration from the talents of many of her citizens, one of whom, De Primis, a learned Benedictine, is said to have influenced Alfonso of Aragon in the decision to found a university in that form which actually exists here; but the more positive testimony records that, on the instance of the Sicilian Parliament in 1434, Alfonso decreed that foundation, and made application to Eugenius IV. for the bull of approbation, which the Pontiff granted in 1444. This university was from its commencement under the patronage of the Crown, and received from Alfonso an endowment of 1500 gold ducats per annum, to which Charles V. added 450 and Philip II. 4000 ducats per annum. In 1778 its system was subjected to a complete remodelling under Ferdinand I.; the professors elected by the bishop of the see (as provided by the old constitution) were dismissed, and learned men, foreign as well as native, invited to compete for the vacant chairs, which were now ordered to be conferred for life, instead of, as formerly, allowing their professors to be removable. The administration, instead of being concentrated in the episcopal authority, was confided to a president, a rector, a chancellor (also secretary), and four temporary assessors; a college, composed of five deans of the several faculties, presided by the rector, was appointed to superintend the interests of tuition, discipline, and reform; and, subsequently to the foundation of the universities at Palermo and Messina (the latter in 1834), the revenues, now reduced to a total of 13,800 ducats per annum, have been administered by a deputation responsible to the Committee of Public Instruction at Palermo. The number of students has fallen from an average of two thousand to between five and six hundred; and the cathedrae are conferred either with or without competition, according to the pleasure of the King, who, in spite of the constitutions of Ferdinand I., has actually reduced the tenure of professorships to the same dependence on his will, so that the pristine independence of this university is practically destroyed. The academic system provides that instruction should be given here from thirty-nine cathedrae, distributed into the faculties of theology, law, medicine, physics,

and mathematics, philosophy and letters, fine arts; and for the several chairs of chemistry, experimental physics, botany, astronomy, natural history, and anatomy, an exhibitor and an operator are engaged, besides the lecturing professor. Though chairs of architecture, linear design, and engraving are included in the programme, these are at present all vacant. The salary of professors is at a lower average still than at Palermo—from 30/- to 60/- per annum! The edifice shared the fate of the whole city, being totally overthrown by the earthquake of 1693, and, reconstructed in a showy rather than majestic style of architecture, on ill-secured foundations, was again seriously damaged by earthquake in 1818. The astronomic instruments were in great part destroyed by the Neapolitan troops, who mistook their polished steel for silver, on the barbarously-ordered and inhumanly-perpetrated sack of Catania in '49, when it was only the intrepidity of a poor woman (the wife of a porter) which saved this primitive seat of learning in Sicily from total destruction by fire; the brutal soldiers having actually applied flames to its buildings, not happily suffered to rage so long as to be unquenchable, when a tardy order from General Satriano, procured through this woman's means and at her passionate appeal, provided that a guard should be placed there during the continuance of these licensed atrocities.*

I have heard an intelligent Catanese severely condemn the frequently-recurring interruptions of study here, on account not only of the festivals of religion, but all the anniversaries of all the Royal Family, so that in the course of the year not more than between ninety and a hundred days are reserved for academic labours. This practical indolence I had occasion to observe when

* The horrors attending the siege and sack of Catania in the spring of '49 have not, strange to say, been fully detailed in any periodical pages; of course not one word of the truth transpiring through the official journals of Naples. The manner in which the armies of Ferdinand II. make war is disgraceful to civilisation; and in this instance all that we read of the cruelties and licentiousness at the taking of Rome by the troops of Bourbon, or at other victories of the *Condottieri* in the sixteenth century, finds its counterpart in the truly infernal vengeance inflicted upon the Sicilian city. The resistance of the Catanese, it is true, was heroic, even desperate; but after that resistance had ceased, what must be thought of the deliberate, authorised sack of this once wealthy commercial city, allowed to rage unresistingly for three days and nights? I cannot narrate, for it is too sickening, the details of outrage accompanying this work of spoliation; the assassination of whole families (females included), unarmed and unresisting—the brutality towards women, in some instances even those consecrated to cloistered life—the wanton destruction by sword or fire of precious objects the soldiery could not or cared not to carry away—the conflagration of houses whose inmates had attempted no defence. Suffice it to say that the general estimate of property destroyed or embarked in this port to be appropriated by the spoilers, amounts to one million sterling; that the word of command (expressive symbols of the whole transaction) with which the victorious Neapolitans marched into Catania was, *Avanti, soldati, uccidete, incendiate, devaste!* ("On soldiers, slaughter, burn, devastate!") and the epoch chosen for these orgies of military vengeance by the generals of a monarch who particularly prides himself on his devotion to the Church, extended from the morning of Good Friday till that of Easter Monday! Let me add, that I speak on no vague rumours, having read these particulars in the MS. narrative of an English resident at Catania at the time of the siege.

at Catania. The day appointed for the opening of studies after the long vacation was the 4th November; but most families were at this period in the country, the cooler months of autumn being preferred for the *vileggiatura* in Sicily; and the 11th being St. Martin's Day, a festival of bacchanalian as well as devotional observances, when (by domestic tradition of long standing) it is usual in this country to give its first trial to the new wine—for these cogent reasons academic engagements were generally postponed, and it was not till the 12th that even the ceremonial inauguration took place. On the latter day the *Lettori*, in black silk gowns, with ruffs, and large white sleeves brocaded in gold, took their seats at one end of a long hall, at a table above which were the royal arms in damask, at the opposite extremity being hung the portraits of their Majesties under a scarlet canopy, with wax torches burning before them—the whole much resembling a Catholic altar.

The Professor of Pathology, similarly togued as the other *Dons*, read from a pulpit first a brief Latin formula, declaring the university opened, and then a discourse in Italian, lasting about three quarters of an hour, taking a general review of the whole history of learning, the progress and benefits of academic study. An audience of some hundreds, ecclesiastics forming a principal element, attended, and all dispersed after the inaugural address. On the morning when the various announcements of professors' courses were first to be seen posted on the lofty gates, another edict was observed conspicuous amid these solemnly-worded *affiches*, to the effect that, by order of Government, no one could henceforth enter the walls of the university with a beard on his face. Verily it might be concluded that the weapon of ridicule would be most efficient of all against despotism capable of this! Imagine what *Punch* would have made of this precious subject; what a fortune to his imitable pages would have been the edict which arrived at Catania shortly before the opening of the university last month, commanding, with all the pomposity of official phraseology, that henceforth no bearded individual should be allowed to enter a public establishment of Government on whatever pretext! The extension of its application to the academic lecture-rooms was supplementary; and, as if authorities studied to make themselves odious in the same proportion as ridiculous, the police of Catania, exceeding the terms of their instructions, seized in some instances, and violently forced to submit at once to the shaving operation, unoffending passengers in the street; in other instances, persons were summoned to public offices on some false pretext, and then sternly reprimanded for daring to appear before *employés* of Government with the defiance to his Majesty's authority displayed on their chins! Tyrannic interference in trifles, it may be remembered by the Neapolitan Cabinet, has not always proved trifling in its results.

The day nominally appointed for the commencement of studies at Catania was not, however, idle within its academic walls; another description of reunion was held there, which I attended with interest—the first meeting, for the season, of an academy called the "Gioenia;" (from the Chevalier Gioenia, who, in 1779, opened in his own house at Catania a large and valuable cabinet of natural history, consisting chiefly of Sicilian specimens, purchased by the university in 1842, and incorporated

with its own museum, which is divided into mineralogy, ornithology, conchology, and anatomy.) The Professor of Natural History, Gemellaro, read on this occasion a scientific narrative of the present eruption of Etna to an audience of about 200 (all males, though females are not excluded), giving a spirited description of the breaking out of this eruption, and some of its most sublime aspects, the desertion of villages, the flight of shepherds keeping their flocks on the mountain, &c. Gemellaro is one of the most esteemed professors at this university, and the catalogue of his writings reaches a surprising number; among their range being comprised subjects pertaining to geology, meteorology, and botany, relations of travels, and three memoirs on different eruptions of Etna. The more pleasing is it to find in a man of his large attainments and intellectual power the perfect simplicity of manners and humility of deportment that distinguish Gemellaro. Greek literature and archaeology are united in one professorship here, till lately held by the Abbate Ferrara, one of the most celebrated writers of his day in Sicily, whose principal works are—a general History of this island; a History of Catania; a Guide to the whole of Sicily; an Essay on the religious belief of the Sicilians before the introduction of Christianity; the Volcanic Geology of Sicily and the neighbouring islands; also a volume, entitled *Nature, her Laws and Operations*. Ferrara has lately been removed by death, and the office of the present professor, as far as Greek is concerned, may be considered a mere object of display in the academic programme; for I was assured by a Catanese gentleman well acquainted with this university that the Greek language is studied by not more than three persons—nor by those profoundly, thoroughly—in all this city, where Pindar, Simonides, and *Eschylus* once sung, where Stesichorus spent his closing days, and has left his name to a principal street! One of the most extraordinary men in Sicily now fills the chair of "Ideology and Metaphysics" here—Tedeschi, who has been blind from his birth, yet has published no less than ten works on philosophical and educational subjects, foremost in the list of which ranks a volume on the Nature of the Mind (*Memorie sull' Anima Umana*.) Late political persecutions have not spared the sanctuaries of learning in the Neapolitan kingdom; and it is but a short time since three of the most able professors at Catania have been deprived—Geremia, Professor of Oratory and Poetry (author of several works), Catalano, of Penal Procedure, and Marchese, of Natural Law. No positive charge was brought against these distinguished men; but the vague accusation of liberal tendencies was received in high places as sufficient for their condemnation. The King visited Catania in October, being received with the usual demonstrations—a Te Deum in the Cathedral, processions, illuminations, which mean nothing when done to order—and, among some hundreds of petitions, intercession was made to him on behalf of the distituted professors, only eliciting those indefinite promises of which royalty can always avail itself to flatter or illude. One of those professors, I was told at the time, presented his complaints in person, and, finding all protestations of innocence in conduct and loyalty in purpose of no avail, took leave with the spirited rejoinder: "Your Majesty may deprive me of my head, but not of my reputation."

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

BY CELSUS TERTIUS.
I. NEW BOOKS.

Association Medical Journal, edited by JOHN ROSE CORMACK, M.D. Jan. 7, 1853. This is the first number of a new series of the "Provincial Medical and Surgical Journal," now published weekly in London. The facilities afforded by a metropolitan issue are great, and in Dr. Cormack the Journal Committee have met with an editor whose experience and erudition render him eminently qualified for the post, and whose high character and gentlemanly tone give security that the journal shall not only prove to be a valuable record of medical science and its progressive improvements, but a fit and fair representation of the mind of the Association, and of the profession in general.

Thompson's Dictionary of Domestic Medicine and Household Surgery is now complete; and it is one of the very few books of the kind which has received the approbation of the profession. Books on domestic medicine are generally traps set by needy physicians to catch patients, and they are not always useful or even safe books to be put into the hands of the public. Indeed, where competent medical advice is near at hand, there is seldom any advantage in being possessed of such a share of knowledge as such

publications are intended to impart; nor is it possible that the most useful medicines can be had recourse to by unpractised hands with any certainty of being efficacious in the cure or prevention of disease. Medicines are but tools. It is the skill with which they are administered, the time, the dose, the occasion, the correct knowledge of the proximate and ultimate effect intended to be produced, in which consists their real value. Still, the public will dabble in medicine. It is something to say that they may consult this work with safety, and that it contains much valuable information.

The Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science, which has already been noticed in these pages, proposes to publish—I. Original communications upon all subjects requiring elucidation by the microscope, and also upon those relating to the structure and employment of the instrument itself. 2. Translations and abstracts of papers in foreign journals, with illustrations. 3. Critical notices of books of interest to the microscopist. 4. Microscopical notices and memoranda, and correspondence. 5. Proceedings of local microscopical societies. The first number contains a fair sprinkling of medical matter, but not so large a proportion as will be expected by the profession. Amongst the medical papers, Mr. Sister's "Observations on the Contractile Tissue of the Iris" forms an interesting commencement. Some of the fibre-cells of the iris (obtained after an operation for artificial pupil by Mr. Wharton Jones at University College Hospital)

were distinctly recognised and sketched by the camera lucida. They are illustrated by figures, and present very characteristic appearances. Among the notes and correspondence is a memorandum on the "desquamation of pulmonary air-cells," and another on "The Microscope as a test of the purity of drinking waters," from which it appears that "in proportion to the absence of inorganic and organic matters in a state of decomposition, is the water free from microscopic plants and animals. Great differences in these respects are presented by the water examined. Thus, in the River Dee and the Watford water, scarcely a living organism was found, whilst in the Thames and New River waters, above seventy species were identified by the reporters." There is also a review of Mr. Quettet's "Lectures on Histology," delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons in England, in the session of 1850-51.

Dr. BILLING's *Practical Observations on Diseases of the Lungs and Heart* (Highley, 1852, pp. 138), is just such a work as might be expected from Dr. Billing; plain, practical, scientific in its matter; lucid, forcible, and dogmatic in its style. He simplifies the stethoscope,—discards the term pectoriloquy,—speaks sarcastically of the twenty-nine theories (!) which have been brought forward to account for the sounds of the heart, and shows that they are all wrong, except one, his own, namely, the tension of the values effected by ventricular contraction; and accuses every antagonistic theorist of ignorance of the rudiments of

physical science. Yet no scientific or reasonable man can find any fault with his views, which carry with them at least an air of perfect demonstration. The practical parts of the work which relate to the treatment of these important organs when diseased, are highly valuable, and few practitioners will read them without instruction and advantage. The tone of writing is certainly much below the subject, and unquestionably offensive to those who differ from the author; yet even these may profit by it if they so resolve.

What to observe at the Bed-side, and after Death, in Medical Cases. Published under the authority of the London Medical Society of Observation. Fcp. 8vo. pp. 136. London: Churchill. The society from which this work has issued was founded about two years ago by a few able and distinguished physicians, who have emulated the example of their brethren in Paris, and have undertaken a task which will either place medical science on a new basis, or accomplish little or nothing. The object is "the advancement of accurate pathology and therapeutics by clinical and allied investigations, the value of which shall be estimated by the numerical method." This object is to be accomplished by "records of cases observed by the members," and "by the accumulation of observations of special phenomena of disease,"—and by the publication of "Transactions" from time to time, containing analyses of such cases and observations. The present volume is not one of their volumes of "transactions," but simply an enumeration of points for observation. These are laboriously and carefully got together, but are far too numerous for practice. The work will form, however, a useful guide to the student, the practitioner, and the medical jurist. Whatever may be the ultimate success of the society in their attempts to place both pathology and therapeutics on purely statistical basis, they have at least issued a valuable volume.

The Gems of Tuscany; being a Fragment for the Invalid and the Tourist in Italy. By Dr. F. H. BRETT (Ackerman and Co.), is an elegant and useful volume. Its primary object is to demonstrate the real value of the baths and mineral waters of Tuscany, and the subject is treated with great moderation and good sense. In addition to this, the chemical analysis of each of the Tuscan waters is given, together with directions for their use, and for diet and regimen during their employment. The book abounds with graphic descriptions of the scenery in the locality of the baths, and the routes towards them, interspersed with historical notices and travelling anecdotes. The chief value of the work consists in the medical estimate which the author forms of the several springs in the neighbourhood. Although he conceives that "it is the duty of the physician to cure diseases, not only by physic, but by all the means in his power," yet he regrets that "too many authors in Italy and elsewhere have attempted to represent their favourite fountain as the universal remedy." And notwithstanding the stress that has been laid by native authors on the special adaptation of different springs to different cases of disease or conditions of system, Dr. Brett is of opinion that, so far as bathing is concerned, the chief virtue of them all lies in their *thermal* properties, although the case is different with respect to those which are taken internally. This is equally true of nearly all the medicated baths, whether natural or artificial, which are so industriously paraded as possessing special therapeutic properties. They are simply baths,—hot, cold, or tepid baths, and that is all. The skin has not the power to absorb from an aqueous bath, containing a solution of minerals in a state of extreme dilution, any quantity of material which can sensibly mediate the blood or amend the health. Foreign travel, change of air and diet, simple bathing, the excitement and cheerfulness of mind produced by change of scene and habits,—these often constitute the chief virtues of mineral springs, so far as using them as baths may conduce to salutary ends. Dr. Brett's observations have elicited the truth.

II. EPIDEMIC DISEASES.

THE YELLOW FEVER.—SOUTHAMPTON.—On the 23rd of December the Royal Mail steam-ship *Orinoco* was released from quarantine, on the result of a strict inquiry, instituted by Mr. Wiblin; from which it appears that the last case of fever was that of Mr. Stephens, a passenger, whose first symptoms of attack, in the shape of black vomit, occurred on the 13th; and as ten days had elapsed since that occurrence, Sir William Pym telegraphed to the effect that if no fresh case should have appeared, *pratique* was to be immediately granted, at the expiration of the stipulated quarantine period of ten days. The Lords of the Admiralty, it is understood, sent out instructions to the East Indies, by the last packet (*La Plata*), to prohibit the sending home of the yellow fever invalids by the royal mail steam-ships, or of distressed British subjects supposed to be labouring under, or recovering from, attacks of yellow fever. In both the *La Plata* and the *Medway*, the breaking out of the disease was attributed to the taking on board invalid seamen in the West Indies. Such seamen are therefore no longer to be taken on board. The Southampton Medical Society has appointed a select committee to inquire into the subject; and their inquiry embraces the following heads:—1. The natural climate of the disease. 2. Whether malignant yellow

fever is a specific disease, or can be identified with the milder forms of endemic fever common to mild climates. 3. How yellow fever is propagated. 4. What sanitary measures should be adopted. This report appears in full in the first number of the *Association Medical Journal*, just published. The following, however, are the more interesting points:—1. That yellow fever is essentially an inter-tropical disease. 2. That it is not a specific disease, but is only a severe modification of the milder forms of endemic tropical fever. 3. That although many cases of yellow fever have occurred in which no contagious property has existed, yet contagiousness is sometimes found to be a property "impressed upon the disease after the appearance of the malignant stage;" that we are warranted in associating the phenomena of contagion in yellow fever with the presence of certain natural states, such as high temperature, moisture, atmospheric impurities, and personal susceptibility; and that these conditions appear to have been absent at Southampton when the solitary fatal case occurred there—a case which *per se* appeared to be favourable to the development of contagion. 4. That on vessels arriving with sick on board, it is highly desirable that all persons not affected with the pestilential atmosphere of the ship, to their respective places of destination; and that a suitable building should be provided in a healthy situation for the immediate reception of patients labouring under yellow fever.

ASIATIC CHOLERA.—A well-marked case of this disease occurred, as long ago as the 20th of December, in Wimpole-mews. But the pestilence, if such it was, does not appear to have spread.

EPIDEMIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The Committee engaged in investigating the epidemic diseases of cattle have circulated a list of important questions on the subject. A copy of these queries appears in the *Association Medical Journal*, and it is understood that the Provincial Association is likely to afford very important assistance to the committee in procuring replies.

III. CHIT-CHAT AND DISCOVERIES.

THE PROVINCIAL MEDICAL AND SURGICAL ASSOCIATION, which has existed twenty years, and which has hitherto restricted its annual meetings, and, as a body, its intercourse, to the towns and cities of the various counties of England and Wales, always exclusive of the metropolis, has very recently extended the hand of good-fellowship to the practitioners of London, where a branch of the society has been formed entitled the Metropolitan Counties Branch. The first general meeting was held at the Hanover-square Rooms on Tuesday, the 11th inst., and among the members present were a considerable number of the rising men of the metropolis, and a few of the leading members of the profession, the chair being occupied by Dr. John Forbes. Several of the most distinguished general practitioners, such as Mr. Proper, Mr. Ancell, Mr. Bowring, &c. were likewise present, most or all of whom have recently joined the association. We cannot but perceive in this movement the germ of a vast association of the medical practitioners of England and Scotland, which, without respect to provincialism or "grade," will form a union for the advancement of medical science and for the improvement of the social status of the profession.

It is said that the *Medical Staff* of *Napoleon III.* appointed for the Imperial Court, is to be unusually large, and liberally paid; and that twenty at least of these favoured individuals are to have 6000f. to 8000f. (240f. to 320f.) per annum, besides the honour. This example (as is justly observed in the *Lancet*) is worthy of imitation elsewhere.

M. Tholozan has recently read a paper at the *Société de Biologie*, on the epidemic nature of certain affections of the cellular tissue, and particularly of boils, carbuncles, and whitloes. This paper, which is highly interesting, is printed in the *Gazette Médicale de Paris*, Jan. 1, 1853. The author gives an historical sketch of this remarkable epidemic, and states that in the year 1834, M. Martin, senior surgeon of the Hospital of Colmar, observed in the lower Pyrenees a true epidemic of whitloes among the soldiers of the 57th regiment of the line, and eleven cases of abscess in the hand and forearm; and he obtained records of 101 similar cases, of which fifty-three occurred in 1834, and forty-eight in 1835. In the same date he speaks of many cases of erysipelas, erythema, purulent eruptions, hemorrhoidal tumours, abscesses in different regions, particularly in the limbs, boils, carbuncles, and some cases of "charbon," and a tendency to phlegmonous gangrene, particularly abscesses in the palmar aspect of the hands and fingers, extending to the forearm, frequently terminating in gangrenous exfoliation of the tendons and caries of the bone. He describes the disease as exceedingly intractable, and speaks of "a principle of malignity" which paralyses all efforts at treatment, setting both surgery and medicine at defiance. This epidemic disappeared in the winter, and reappeared in the following March. The author of this paper does not seem to have been aware, except through the medium of the British journals, that these furuncular diseases have been epidemic throughout the four quarters of the world.

At a meeting of the Medical Society of London, Dr. Chowne introduced to the Fellows of the Society a

young woman with a remarkable hirsute growth on the face and forehead. Her beard is more profuse than is often met with in the male subject. The greater part of her body is covered with hair. Her sister, a married woman, was introduced to the Society last year, and is similarly gifted with this very unusual and masculine appendage. In other respects, both sisters have every characteristic of feminine delicacy. They are natives of Versoix in the canton of Geneva. A younger sister, and a brother, are without this peculiarity.

It is with much concern we have to record the death of Dr. Pereira, F.R.S.—a name dear to both medical and chemical science. His decease was very sudden, and occurred on Thursday evening the 20th January, at his residence in Finsbury-square, in his 49th year. He was physician to the London Hospital, an examiner in *Materia Medica* and pharmacy to the University of London, and a member of several British and Continental Societies.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SUMMARY OF SCIENCE.

PHYSICS.

THE PERIODIC RECURRENCE OF SPOTS ON THE SUN. Mr. Wolf, who in some contributions to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, has traced out a relation between terrestrial magnetism and sun-spots, has devoted himself to collecting all the recorded observations respecting these solar phenomena, and a consideration of the results to be deduced from them, some of which are very remarkable. In the first place, he establishes six different epochs, by investigating the maximum and minimum of the appearance of the solar spots, and shows that their average duration may be fixed at 11·111 years; so that this minimum recurs exactly nine times in the course of a century: a deduction agreeing with observation. There however appears to be no periodical return of the maximum of sun-spots, this varying, but averaging however about five years. After pointing to some analogies existing between the sun-spots and the variable stars, M. Wolf remarks on the coincidence of this period of 11·111 years of the recurrent minimum of solar spots with the variations of magnetic declination; stating, that these variations accompany, not only the periodical changes of the sun-spots, but even their irregular ones; closing his memoir with comparing his solar period of the ninth of a century and the Zurich meteorological register for the years 1000—1800, a review which lends strength to the notion of Sir W. Herschel, that the years in which solar spots abound are the driest and most fertile. From the register it also seems that earthquakes and auroras predominate in the same years.

CHEMISTRY.

THE ORGANO-METALLIC RADICALS.—M. Bunsen rendered a most important service to Organic Chemistry some few years since, when he succeeded in isolating *Kakodyl*, a compound consisting of 4 atoms of carbon, 6 atoms of hydrogen, and 1 atom of arsenic; which compound combines with oxygen, sulphur, cyanogen, chlorine, iodine, &c. precisely in the same manner that a simple or elementary body like silver, iron, or carbon, will do; acting as if it were an undecomposable substance or element, instead of being a compound body. It was this *Kakodyl* which proved that compound radicals, i.e. bodies containing two or more elements, yet possessing some of the characteristic properties of a single element, actually existed, and indicated to the follower of Organic Chemistry, doubtless a difficult, but probably the best and surest path to pursue. Other compound radicals, such as the phosphuretted alkaloid of Paul Thenard, *Kakoplatyl* and the platinised bases of Reisel, tended to settle and confirm this theory of the existence and importance of this class of bodies: This importance cannot well be overrated, when we consider the myriads of substances, formed either by the hand of Nature or the art of the chemist, and which, for the most part, consist of different proportions of two or more of the four organic elements proper, viz. carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and out of which two of the three kingdoms of nature are almost entirely formed; as well as if we regard the utter hopelessness of reducing these swarms of organic compounds (which even yet render this department of the science a very chaos, with but few gleams of light) to order and system, unless we can gain a firm starting point to show how all these bodies are built up, or that they are combinations of various definite and recognised chemical compounds—whereby in the course of time all the present seeming confusion shall fade away and its chaotic elements fall into rank, and form at length one vast, harmonious, and intelligible whole. Now among the organic compounds formed by the art of the chemist, alcohol (spirit of wine), and the various products derived from it, as ether, especially engaged his attention, until at length a hypothesis was promulgated by Sir Robert Kane, to the effect, that ether was the oxide of a presumed base or compound radical, *ethyl*, and that alcohol was ether, or the oxide of ethyl, combined with the elements of water,—a theory which agreed perfectly with the known composition of these alcoholic substances; so

that these views were generally accepted by the most distinguished chemists, and extended so as to embrace various other bodies analogous to alcohol and its compounds. Still, ethyl was not isolated; it was even uncertain whether it existed. It was a supposition—very simple, very beautiful, it is true, and capable of accounting for all known facts connected with this class of bodies—being just like the hypothetical planet of Adams and Le Verrier, which became a reality to man's apprehension by the discovery of Neptune; and as in this case, so at length was Sir R. Kane's theory proven, by the discovery and isolation of this hypothetical radical, ethyl. The credit of this discovery is due to Dr. E. Frankland, now of Manchester, who has given us a detailed account of the mode of procuring, and of the properties of this compound radical, which, under the pressure of between two and three atmospheres, is a colourless, transparent, mobile liquid. Pursuing the path thus opened to him, Dr. Frankland has continued his researches on a series of organic bodies containing metals, which are closely allied to kakodyl in their composition and properties, and which, like that body, are formed from the union of the alcoholic radicals with various metals, and are distinguished by their powerful electro-positive characters. In a paper lately communicated to the Royal Society this chemist describes seven of these compounds, which are procured by the action of heat or light on their proximate constituents. Thus, when iodide of ethyl and metallic tin are exposed to the influence of light or heat in a closed glass tube, the metal gently dissolves in the liquid, which finally solidifies as a mass of colourless crystals. A small but unimportant quantity of gas is generated; but the chief reaction consists in the direct union of the metal, tin, with the iodide of ethyl, giving rise to the crystalline body before-mentioned, and which is the iodide of a new organo-metallic radical, *stanethylum*.

The oxide, chloride, and other compounds of stanethylum, are readily formed, all of which possess a striking resemblance to the corresponding bi-compounds of tin, excepting in odour, which is very pungent, and like the volatile oil of mustard. Stanethylum is obtained in an isolated state, by decomposing the chloride by metallic zinc; at common temperatures it is a thick, heavy, oily, yellow liquid, insoluble in water, but soluble in alcohol and ether, and possessing an exceedingly pungent odour; at a temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit it boils and is decomposed, leaving metallic tin. It readily oxidizes by contact with the air, forming an oxide of this radical. It consists of one atom of tin, four atoms of carbon, and five of hydrogen, its formula being C^4H^5Sn , whilst its oxide is C^4H^5SnO , and its bromide C^4H^5SnBr , so that stanethylum exactly resembles kakodyl in all relations. The analogous organo-metallic radicals, *stanmethylum* and *stanamylum*, are formed in exactly the same manner, from tin and the iodides of methyl and amyl respectively.

By substituting zinc for tin, in acting on the iodides of ethyl, methyl, and amyl, compounds analogous to the preceding are obtained, in which zinc replaces the tin. *Zinemethylum* is a colourless, transparent, and very mobile liquid, possessing a most peculiar and insupportable odour, and boiling at a low temperature. It is composed of two atoms of carbon, three of hydrogen, and one of zinc, its formula being C^2H^3Zn . Its affinity for oxygen exceeds even that of potassium, for it ignites with explosion when brought into contact with this gas, and when exposed to the air it spontaneously ignites, emitting a beautiful bluish-green flame, accompanied with clouds of oxide of zinc; when thrown into water, it decomposes that liquid as potassium does, and burns, evolving both heat and light. By acting on the iodides of methyl and of amyl with metallic mercury, similar compounds are formed; and preliminary experiments have been made with other metals, amongst which arsenic, antimony, chromium, iron, manganese, and cadmium, afford promising results. From a consideration of the constitution and reactions of this series of compounds, Dr. Frankland is inclined to deny to them and their analogues, such as kakodyl, the title of *radicals*; contending, that their properties compel us to regard them as binary compounds, resembling and formed on the type of the oxides of their several metals, a portion of the oxygen being replaced by the unquestioned radicals, ethyl, methyl, and amyl. Should this view ultimately be adopted, it will place these bodies in close relation with ammonia and its analogues. This valuable contribution to scientific chemistry closes with some theoretical considerations on the constitution of these organo-metallic compounds, and their laws of combination.

BOTANY.

BLACK AND GREEN TEAS.—The question whether the same or different kinds of the tea-shrub produced these two distinctive articles of commerce, has been debated for many a year, but may now be regarded as set at rest by the enterprising traveller Mr. Fortune. Like many other matters stoutly contested by opposing parties, these teas have been very positively affirmed by crowds of credible authorities to be the product of one plant on the one side, and of two distinct plants on the other; each alike forgetful of the chameleon's advice, when the subject of his own peculiar

hue gave rise to a somewhat acrimonious debate between some otherwise kindly-disposed personages,—

"When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you;"

for it turns out that all parties have seen aright and reported truly, from the time of the Jesuits down to the present period. Dr. Royle, a most trustworthy authority on all that relates to the botanical produce of the East, lent the weight of his name to the belief that these teas originated in different plants, but now handsomely recants this view, and gives in his adhesion to the facts ascertained by Mr. Fortune, during his recent travels in the "flowery land." In the South of China, this latter gentleman found the *Thea Bohea* was the variety grown for making black teas, whilst towards the north, about Shanghai, it is the *Thea Viridis* which is employed for making the green teas of those districts which produce them in the greatest perfection. Thus it seemed to be settled that two varieties of the plant are required to produce these two descriptions of tea; but when Mr. Fortune came into the Fokien district, then he found that the *Thea Viridis* was the plant which yielded the best black teas of that celebrated province; and these plants, when taken to Shanghai and compared with those which there produced green tea, proved identical with them. The seeds and plants, which this traveller contrived to forward in such abundance to the Himalayan plantations of the East India Company, have already been cultivated with success; and the Chinese tea gatherers and driers he brought with him set to work on the plants growing in the Botanic Garden, and made black or green, from the leaves, just as they were desired. So it is evident that, although frequently made from distinct plants, this difference is not essential to the production of these varieties of teas, which depend on different processes of manufacture: the green tea being gently yet rapidly dried, and as quickly as possible after being gathered; whilst, when black tea is to be made, the leaves are allowed to lie in heaps, when a kind of fermentation is set up, and they become heated, like hay when put together rather damp, before they are dried. The long prevalent and still popular belief, that green tea owes its colour and properties to being dried on copper, is a mere vulgar error, devoid of all foundation, excepting that copper drying-pans are sometimes used instead of iron ones, by the manufacturers, who use them indifferently for drying both black and green teas; the fact being, that the green tea exported from China to England and America is adulterated, by dusting it with a mixture of French-chalk, turmeric or annatto, and Prussian blue or indigo, to suit the absurd fancy of the purchasers; who may convince themselves of the fact by shaking this beautiful "bloom" tea in a phial with a little water, when they will find this bloom vanish, and the leaves assume a dark yellow, brown, or blackish hue, their natural colour when dried. Fortunately, however, the ingredients of this adulterating powder are innocuous, or at any rate are so in the small quantities swallowed by the most inveterate drinker of green tea.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—Several experiments have recently been made at Geneva on the adaptability of the electric light to purposes of public illumination; and as these were instituted and have been reported on by the physician M. Elie Hartmann, who fills the chair of Natural Philosophy in the University of Geneva, the results detailed deserve far more respectful consideration than it would be advisable to bestow on the flaming report of a mere sciolist or projector. To render the light constant, an instrument constructed by Duboscq for adjusting the charcoal points between which the light is developed was employed. The battery consisted of fifty couples of Bunsen's plates, by which so vivid a light was obtained as to be intolerable to the naked eye; indeed, so intense was the glare that M. Hartmann's assistant, inadvertently looking at the light, had his eyes so greatly inflamed that he was compelled to bathe them frequently with warm water before he could open them again. Another proof of the intensity of this light is, that the luminous flames of a candle and also of a jet of gas actually cast very distinct shadows upon a screen. At a distance of about 270 yards this electric light, reflected from a mirror, was equal in intensity to that produced by a jet of gas. Another experiment was made on a very rainy night before the hydraulic engine-house of Geneva, so that the absence of houses and the presence of rain greatly militated against any auxiliary splendour. In spite, however, of these drawbacks, when the light was concentrated by means of a small concave mirror, it was found to be equal to 300 large gas jets at the least; and that, notwithstanding the rain, print could easily be read at more than 100 yards off. The reflection of the light from the façades of the quay was distinctly visible at Bursin-sur-Rolle, a distance of about nine and a half miles. One great objection to the employment of the electric light for the purposes of illuminating towns has been the necessity of having a great many points of illumination, just as we have with gas-lights; for the windings of streets and lanes and the irregularities of houses so frequently interfere with its diffusion, especially in ancient cities, that the illumination from a luminous electrical arc

must be necessarily much circumscribed and local. The experiments of M. Hartmann have, however, overcome this difficulty, since he has determined that several pairs of charcoal points may be introduced into the same circuit derived from a single pile, and a light of the greatest intensity obtained from each pair of points where the circuit is interrupted. He also suggests that by further carrying out these results, and introducing suitable communicators for opening and closing the circuit, the light might be made available for domestic purposes. It is scarcely necessary to add that for producing daguerreotypes it almost rivals solar light.

HERMES.

ARCHITECTURE.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

DURING the last year, there was much discussion on the subject of painting the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral; but nothing met our observation of a perfectly satisfactory character. No great governing principles of the imitative, or merely decorative, painting, which should be practised on the walls, ceilings, or vaults of a building, were laid down with emphatic clearness; and we think such principles should be considered—and maturely considered—before any opinions on matters of detail are proclaimed. No doubt, effects of harmony in colour, and imposing presentations of design, might be produced with little or no reference to the architectural truth of a structure. They may be accordant with its purpose, while they are even contradictory to its material and construction; and we regard the paintings of Sir James Thornhill, in the cupola of our great Protestant temple, as affording a most striking illustration in point,—as illustrating, in fact, everything that is objectionable, notwithstanding their immediate connection with the life of the sainted apostle to whom the cathedral is dedicated.

We maintain, then, that the character of the cupola, as emulating the concave of the firmament, is offensively impaired. An expression of overhanging vastness is that which should have been especially held in view. No deception, seeking to remove the impression of spheroidal vault, should have been attempted; but anything, consistent with its construction, which might at the same time have added to its apparent expanse, would have been legitimate. The making its converging hollow to appear like a continuity of vertical walls, extending its tambour upwards, was an abominable perversion of what should have been its intention. We do not care what Wren himself may have thoughtlessly adopted or permitted. The architecture represented by the painter could not have been practised; and even if it could, it would have utterly destroyed the peculiar effect which it is the special province of the cupola to produce. The *convex* without, leads us to look for a corresponding *concave* within. We do not seek a surrounding arcade, where we have been taught to expect a suspended vault. A mere imitation of the cassoon-paneling which is actual in the Pantheon at Rome, or a plain colouring of aerial blue studded with golden stars, would have been infinitely better than the false and distorted architecture with which Thornhill has framed his ill-placed pictures, and belied the character of the surface they occupy.

We hold then to the opinion, that the *principles* of painting upon architecture are two-fold: first, as they regard the integrity of a building's material and construction; and, secondly, as they express the building's character and purpose; involving the *one general principle*, that both objects shall be, with equal severity, kept in view. The violation of the former is an offence for which the most successful accomplishment of the second may not compensate. We must either have such mimic architectural representations as might be real; or we must have symbolical or illustrative designs that may satisfy the imagination, without any perversion of the observant faculties, as applied to the true and substantial form of the building they decorate. In looking up to a cupola, we may recognise that which *symbolises* the concave of the "brave o'er-hanging firmament, fretted with golden fire;" but there is no attempt to deceive. We know that we behold the smooth surface of a vault, painted to indicate the heavens in "base epitome;" but we merely cultivate the *idea* of those divine aspirations which aim at the freedom of ethereal space. When we behold that vault exhibiting a multitudinous assemblage of such sunken forms as are consistent with its construction, we care not that they are false, so they look real; and we measure its expanse, as we see that its compartments are of proportional size and yet numerous. How far allegorical representations of angels and saints in clouds may be admissible is a question; but there can be no question in reference to the *trick* which would make a spheroidal vault look like a vertical arcade on a circular plan. Pilasters, niches, conches, and historical paintings, have no business to be springing like the converging branches of a ring of trees, and to topple over us in the skies with arrogant impossibility. The painter has no right to undo what the architect has done, nor to affect to do what no architect could accomplish. We say nothing of the absurdity of placing pictures above the lights which are to display them. It is in

local, however, that is produced and each He these it be surely es it reason and in practical proof too obvious to need comment. The whole surface may be painted, but not with pictures that are to "point a moral or adorn a tale." These have their fitting place in the panels of the vertical walling, and within reach of minute observation. St. Paul's cathedral is pre-eminently adapted for pictorial decoration. It is only necessary to turn to Wale and Gwyn's transverse section of the church to see this. This is, perhaps (to Englishmen at least), the most interesting architectural engraving in existence; and we wondered, as we purchased it from Mr. Weale, "at the small charge of only" ten and sixpence! Its accuracy, clearness, and scale are alike admirable; and it is valuable as showing what professes to be Sir C. Wren's own idea of decorating his cathedral. From this, however, it would appear that the great architect authorised the present paintings in the cupola. "If so, it was a grievous fault, and grievously hath the great church answered it." It is indeed to be lamented that the only part of his design carried out is especially the failing one. Correct this, therefore, and look to the rest. We have mural panelling in abundance to engage all the scriptural-historical artists of England, while the sculptor has a like invitation, and the secondary decorator no end of opportunity for display. At the least, it is most suggestive of true and effective ornamentation; and, regarded by minds willing to receive and capable to impart, it would open a work which living intelligence might bring to an unequalled conclusion. And yet, alas! we are forgetting the dull atmosphere of our country, and the peculiarly dingy smoky one of London. This last consideration is one of sombre hue and dead weight; and it may be a question whether anything but the whitewash of old churchwardenship would thoroughly "tell" at all seasons in St. Paul's churchyard! We are, however, arguing on broad principles, under the supposition of "fair play." In London "fair is foul and foul is fair;" and its citizens "hover" too much "through fog and filthy air."

We would also raise our voice against the too sudden and inconsiderate flux of Mr. Owen Jones's Alhambra-isms; his positive colourings and Arabesque acquirements. We would rather trust him in a drawing-room than in a church. He may be at home in harmonies; but he may meddle too much with the air or simple melody, which is, after all, "the life of the building." The mischiefs done to certain of our ancient Gothic cathedrals have the more awakened us to the fear of operations most oppugnant to the sentiment of simplicity and vastness which should ever be suggested by the mystic perspectives and dim vaultings of those impressive structures. More and more we feel the crying necessity for such criticisms and comments as we too weakly seek to supply, in an endeavour to arouse the general public mind to think for itself, and to qualify by its own active intelligence the *dicta* of our professors.

It is impossible to reiterate too frequently the error of thoughtless confidence in the authority of ancient precedent. The "orders" of the Greeks, and their one great temple-feature (the pedimented portico), have been universally, and without the slightest forced effort, adopted, because they were unquestionably beautiful, and in their kind perfect; but it is much more easy to give reluctant admission to the fact that they *were* once painted in the motley of blue, red, and yellow, than to extend our admiring homage on this additional account. Because we have accepted the form and feature as "express and admirable," we are not by implication to regard as equally worthy the fashion of their superficial dress. Again: if partially good, it may not be wholly so. A precedent for the use of colour is one thing; the bigoted imitation of the colours used, or the manner of using them, another. The application of deepened tints on the bed surfaces of the tympanum and metopes, to assist the prominent effect of the raised sculptures, or the practice of means that may leave the decorations of mouldings "picked out," may be not only allowed, but recommended. Relieving shadows are not always to be had. The sun is not always at hand to pick out with its glittering radiance the edges of the triglyph and the sharp cuttings of the carved honey-suckle; and there will be some parts of a building on which the sun never shines, or from whose projections no shadow may be cast. In our dull climate especially this is the case. But whatever use may be made of such means to assist in securing the effect produced by light and shade, great caution should surely be used in preserving a never-failing respect for the sentiment that attaches to the reality of material. A "blue post" may be allowed, for we know it is but a wooden post painted blue; but to paint in similar fashion a marble portico is indeed to violate the admitted principle of "beauty unadorned adorned the most."

We had written thus far, when *The Builder* for Jan. 8, 1853, came to our hands; and we are not a little pleased to see much of our own feeling entertained by the writer, "S. H." We do not quite see our way in respect to what he says of "the insertion of new windows in St. Paul's;" but we heartily concur in his observations on the proper manner of painting them. "The primary object of a window," says he, "is to admit light, and not to depict history. I would give it a mosaic character, and lavish on it all the beauties of geometrical design; but I would confine figure subjects to the walls. The light may

come as through pearls and gems of every hue, but not through the opaque bodies of men and women." The writer goes a little more into specified particulars than we are yet prepared to decide upon; but the article is philosophically and feelingly written, and we hope our eulogistic reference to it will induce our readers to peruse it. In a subsequent part of the same number of *The Builder* is another clever article on the same subject, by Mr. Thomas Purdie, equally worthy of attention; and we are delighted in the co-operation of such writers on a subject, which the proposed decoration of St. Paul's is now bringing before the public. Heretofore we have been much more busily employed in discovering what the ancients *did* in respect to polychromy, than in what we ourselves *should do* under circumstances of a much more confirmed, if not a greatly advanced, condition of chromatic practice and experience. To those who desire an acquaintance with what is known or surmised of the antique paintings by Polygnotus and others, we cannot do better than refer them to the learned papers of Mr. Lloyd, on the Lesche at Delphi; of M. Hittorff, "On the Polychromy of Greek Architecture;" and of M. Semper, "On the Study of Polychromy and its Revival," in the first volume of *The Museum of Classical Antiquities*, now publishing by Mr. Richards, of Great Queen-street, and to which we have more than once referred in terms of high commendation. From M. Semper's paper, it would appear that M. Kugler's researches left him to the conclusion, that "if no others, yet certainly the white marble buildings erected in the flourishing time of Greece,—that is, the greater proportion of those of Attica,—exhibited in their principal parts the material of which they were built, in its own proper colour; that painting, therefore, is only to be referred to the subordinate details; that, when the materials employed were of a baser description, they were coated with stucco, which in its outward appearance did not much differ from that of marble; these were then combined with appropriate ornament, and made resplendent with gold." M. Semper opposes this conclusion; regarding stucco as the *motif*, and the adoption of marble "principally because it answered most perfectly all the requirements of a fine stucco!" We care not to question the truth of this, at least as it affects the propriety of covering Parian marble with paint. *With the Greeks, or without the Greeks*, we insist on the *impropriety* of such covering, saving only in reference to such partial or peculiar use of it, as, on the whole, may leave the integrity of the substance secure, or make the precious more precious by merely assistant means. A transparent coating, a sort of varnish, may be employed, just as polishing may be admissible; and the elaborate and delicate ornaments of mouldings, the lines and foliage of Ionic and Corinthian capitals, may be gilded with greatly enhancing beauty; but we would make painting in its polychromatic fullness really "identical with the use of stucco," or with what *might* be stucco, lying on the unfinished surface of that portion of the solid material which the sculptor leaves to the plasterer and painter.

The devotion with which the Greeks seem to have cultivated the majestic of substance and simplicity, and the beautiful of general and detailed form, may have been the more extreme from the fact of their being subject to little or no diversion in respect to colour and the imitation of light, shadow, and varied distances. From what we have seen, they appear to have been unacquainted with the harmony of positive colours in their juxtaposition, and still more with the charm of blended colouring and neutrals. Having carried linear design and sculptural development to the last degree of perfection, they seem to have luxuriated in the most primitive attempts at the superadded use of paint; and surely it is not too much, after we have admitted that they left architecture and sculpture in a state of unsurpassable excellence, to regard them as the mere beginners of that pictorial art which it was for the painters, from Cimabue's time to the present, to mature. Critically speaking, Michael Angelo and others of his time were (with all their undoubted grandeur) very imperfect architects, because their pre-eminent intelligences and executive powers ran so strongly in the current of pictorial enthusiasm; and we can therefore the more readily understand how, in a much earlier period of art's progress, architectural perfection might have co-existed with a very untutored condition of the painter's mind.

In *The Builder*, for January, 22, S. H. (Samuel Higgins) continues his comments on the decoration of St. Paul's. He does not seem to fall in strictly with our notion of the cassoon-sinkings of the Roman Pantheon, but he *does* confirm our notions in other respects; and we have no doubt but that we are so identical, in all leading principles, that a thoroughly detailed "Report" might be produced, to which we could unitively subscribe our names. Even in the exception he takes to Mr. Wightwick's "Protestant Cathedral," in the "Palace of Architecture," we have reason not to doubt Mr. Wightwick's deferential submission; the more so, because Mr. W. has, in his subsequent idea of a Protestant Cathedral, given in *Weale's Quarterly Papers*, and in his essay issued by the *Architectural Publication Society*, given a more matured illustration of his ideas on this matter.

ART AND ARTISTS.

AMONG the good things of the new year for the entertainment of little folk appears *Rainy Afternoons*, by Randall Ballantine. Pleasantly in simple themes, supposed to be the compositions of the children of the tale, it tells of God's fair works seen in the vegetable and insect worlds; and good Aunt Mary, lately come from Germany, narrates amusing stories laid in Fairy-land. On Sunday, too, this little book need not be shelved; for in his turn the father entertains his circle, by true histories of good and pious men, who for religion's sake have gone through trials manifold. Eleven sketches, drawn in outline with admirable skill, doubtless will help the children to make out many a pleasant afternoon in *rainy days*.

In *A Child's Summer*, the artist E. V. B. is happier in the expression of his sentiment than his coadjutor the poet M. L. B. The illustrative etchings, with the exception of some disproportion in the sizes of the heads of the figures, are fanciful in design and skilfully executed. Like the children, we feel disposed to skip the reading, which although about, is not for, children. The pictures nearly tell their own story, and what blanks remain would, doubtless, be better supplied to its own satisfaction by the active imagination of childhood than by the accompanying explanations; these portions, however, are simple and consistent.

Inspired, doubtless, by the poultry mania, T. H. Carstairs has submitted to us for approval (which we willingly grant to him) a specimen of his penmanship in the form of a cock; judging from the extent and graceful sweep of its tail, *not* of the Cochin China breed. Seriously, however, there is great freedom and skill in the manner of its execution; and to those who are ambitious of excelling in the art of ornamental writing we recommend it as an admirable copy.

The addresses of the Superintendents of the Department of Practical Art have been published by authority. Mr. Cole treated of the facilities now afforded to all classes of the community for obtaining education in art, and Mr. Redgrave discoursed on the methods for imparting education in art to all classes. Both topics are handled with a mastery of the facts and an enthusiasm on their behalf which must have kindled an audience, for it even excites the reader. We recommend the perusal of these lectures to all who did not hear them.—Mr. Redgrave has published also *A Manual of Colour*, with a useful Catalogue, which he had prepared for the use of the students in the School of Practical Art, of which he is the Superintendent. It is thoroughly practical, and will be of use to all who paint, whether artists or amateurs.

EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE SOCIETY OF ARTS. (Second Notice.)

It is with much satisfaction that we learn that this Exhibition has been highly appreciated by the public. Photography may now fairly claim to be a popular art.

The productions of Mr. Benjamin Turner (175, 179, 182, 187, 190, 193) must strike every eye as being of excellent quality.

The contributions of Mr. Bingham (167, 181, 186, 205), and further on (230 and 241), are remarkably good, and would seem to rebut the generally-believed assertion that photography is in its infancy, and that every year will render it more successful.

Sir Wm. Newton next claims our attention. The *Views in the Isle of Wight* (220) are pleasing, and taken, as might be expected, with a true artistic eye. We prefer, however, the *Scenes at Seaford* (235) though all the pictures, in our judgment, suffer very much from bad printing.

More specimens of Mr. Delamotte's ability meet us in *The Works in Progress at Sydenham* (233 and 234), and in *Specimens from the Museum in Marlborough House* (248), and *Part of the Cellini Shield belonging to Her Majesty* (254). This gentleman uses the collodion process, and extremely well too. Now that there is a growing demand from the public for good calotype pictures, we strongly recommend him to persevere in the path he has chosen. We must not pass by *A View of the Isle de Barbe, near Lyons* (237), by M. Ferrier, where a church and half a town are reflected in a clear stream which flows close by its walls. This little picture is marvellously beautiful.

We turn with infinite pleasure to the productions of M. Eugene Constant, *The Coliseum at Rome* (260), *View of Venice* (267), *Arch of Vesuvius* (268), *View at Rome* (271), *The Forum* (272), and the *Ponte Rotto* (278). These are gems.

Two Street Scenes at Bristol (263 and 277), by Mr. H. Owen, must be regarded with admiration. They are cleverly taken, well printed, and have so much air in them, that artists will be inclined to rank them very highly. A photographic impression from a magnified view of the *Larva of an Insect* (270), by Paul Pretsch, suggests a great career of usefulness to the art. The Entomological Society are, we are told, encouraging by every means this particular branch of photography, and in the next Exhibition many specimens will probably be shown.

We must not omit to draw attention to the numerous large pictures of French churches, and other

buildings and views, taken by order of the French Government, by M. Le Grey and other eminent photographers. *Notre Dame de Poitiers* (250) is a wonderful example of the use of the art to architects and lovers of architecture. The detail exhibited in this picture is so marvellous that the most patient draughtsmen would be disheartened were he asked to make a fac-simile of it. *A Church at Toulouse* (286), *A View at Rome* (292), and *A Bridge of Cahors* (295), are also good examples of this clever series; but a *Bridge in the Pyrenees* (298) is perhaps more exquisite than any. The distance in this picture is given with an effect equal to that in Mr. Stewart's, and the largeness of its size and the excellence of the subject render it a very important contribution. Throughout the two smaller rooms other examples of this Government series are to be found; they are mostly of old churches and monasteries remarkable for their architectural beauties; but they are for the most part sombre and inartistic.

Messrs. Ross and Thomson of Edinburgh, whose contributions arrived after the opening of the Exhibition, and whose works were so well known at the Crystal Palace, deserve much praise for their Views of Modern Athens. Nothing of the kind is better than *Edinburgh from the Calton Hill* (642), and *Edinburgh from the Castle* (644), or *Melrose Abbey* (640). These gentlemen, we find, practise on albuminised glass, certainly one of the most successful mediums.

We would advise every visitor before leaving to turn over the volume (776) exhibited by Mr. Fox Talbot, containing specimens of the art from 1842 and 1846; and also to examine *Le premier Livre imprimé par le Soleil* (777), contributed by Capt. Ibbetson. This last volume was printed in 1840, before Mr. Talbot took out his patent. Numerous other specimens claim our warmest praise, but want of space forbids our particularising further.

We have to thank the Society of Arts for the important assistance they have given to photography, and we look forward with much interest to the next Exhibition.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

The vicar of Norton, in Derbyshire, is raising a subscription for the purpose of erecting, in the village of Norton, a plain granite obelisk to the memory of Sir Francis Chantrey. Norton was the birthplace of Chantrey; and in the churchyard he was buried, in a grave of his own making.—A monument in bronze, by Burnard, is about to be erected in Sheffield, to the memory of Ebenezer Elliott, the "Corn Law Rhymer." Through the influence of Mr. Hadfield, M.P. for Sheffield, the council of the Anti-Corn-law League have given a subscription of 50*l.* towards the cost of the monumental memorial. Mr. Hadfield has likewise given a second subscription of 5*l.*, and a like contribution has been received by the monument committee from Col. Thompson, who also promises to canvass his friends for further subscriptions.—At the last election of the Institute of France, on the 22nd ult. in the class of Fine Arts, M. Hittorff was elected a member, in the room of the late M. Huve. This eminent architect had already acquired the highest distinctions in Germany, and is a Member of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

THE members of the Sacred Harmonic Society gave in Exeter-hall grand and most effective performances of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, on Friday last and on the Friday preceding. The interpretation of the oratorio on both evenings was marked by sufficient excellence to uphold the high character obtained by the society for their execution of works of this broad and stately character. Orchestra and soloists justly deserved the expressions of approval with which their able and successful efforts were greeted. The choruses were characterised by grandeur and precision and the leading singers displayed, for the most part, brilliancy of voice and facility of execution. These were Madame Fiorentini, Misses Dolby, Huddart, and Deaken, and Messrs. Lockey and Weiss. Miss Huddart and Miss Deaken were debutantes. They have fine voices, and sang with correctness, though they wanted a little more ease.

In the same hall, the new society, the Harmonic Union, gave their second concert on Thursday evening, the 21st ult. Though the programme, which consisted of a miscellaneous selection of vocal and instrumental pieces, did not contain any new composition, ample amends was made by there being two new solo performers—a pianist, Mr. William Mason, an American; and a trombone-player, Herr Nabich, a member of the Duke of Saxe Weimar's private band. The pianoforte playing of Mr. Mason, though deficient in mechanism, exhibits a great deal of spirit, and a light and elastic touch. Herr Nabich, who has an easy command of his cumbersome instrument, plays with clearness of articulation and mellowness of tone; and his piano is extremely soft. Both he and Mr. Mason were much applauded, and their talent is unquestionable. Under the admirable guidance of Mr. Benedict, the society very creditably performed Beethoven's music to *Kotzebue's Ruins of Athens*, and Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night*.

Mr. Allcroft's Monster Annual Concert came off on Monday, the 24th ult. As usual, it afforded to many who have not often opportunities of attending concerts and hearing stars, vocal and instrumental, a chance of beholding and listening to a perfect constellation. The extensive entertainment consisted of forty-one pieces, and Madame Fiorentini, Middle Favanti, and Miss Dolby were among the vocalists. As a concert to suit the taste of the general public, it eminently effected its purpose, to judge from the applause, which was continuous and general from the beginning to the close.

At Miss Ransford's sixth and last *soirée* the greatest care and musician-like feeling pervaded the whole entertainment, which charmed every one of the numerous and fashionable audience.

The first of Mr. Dando's annual series of six quartett concerts was given at Crosby-hall, on the 24th ult., the quartett consisting of Messrs Dando, A. Mellon, Hill, and Lucas. Miss Dolby also assisted, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper. The novelty of the evening was the *morceau* which concluded the concert,—a sextett of Spohr for two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos, which was performed for the first time in this country. The two middle movements were the most faultlessly rendered, and were much applauded, though a cold reception was given to the rest, which comprised the most difficult portions. The room was exceedingly well attended.

The Dublin people are looking forward with great anxiety to the 7th of next month, when the Philharmonic Society are to give a concert, at which Madame Fiorentini will sing, and Madame Pleyel perform Mendelssohn's concert and other popular solos. At present the Dublin folks are gratifying their taste for harmony by flocking in crowds to the Rotunda, where Jullien is giving his concerts. The composer of *Pietro il Grande* has every reason to be gratified with the Irish for their general appreciation of his genius.

Boston has lately exhibited one uninterrupted musical orgy of the grandest character. Sontag, with her sweet warbling, has been enchanting thousands in no less than seven entertainments.—The Musical Hall, which is beautiful and spacious, has been opened with an evening's entertainment, combining many kinds of music, many masters, many local musical societies, and much foreign talent; and concerts, on a magnificent scale, have been given by the Handel and Haydn, the Musical Fund, and the Education Societies.

Paris is still the scene of varied and unrivaled musical entertainments. Mozart's masterpiece, *Don Juan*, produced at the *Italiens* with a cast including Madlle. Bertrandi, Signor Calzolari, and Madame Sophie Cravelli, though the performance was hurried and unfinished, has been the means of enabling the latter artist to gain fresh laurels. Her "Donna Anna" is pronounced to be grand and finished. The harpist and composer, Herr Oberthur, has been performing at concerts with a masterly skill which only he can attain; and the young and captivating pianiste, Mlle. Wilhelmina Clauss, has been turning the heads of half Paris with her beautiful touch and tone, brilliant execution, and expressive reading. The *Constitutionnel* has styled her "the spirit of music incarnate." We are glad to hear that she intends soon to be in London.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

Mrs. FITZWILLIAM has retired from the stage, and intends devoting herself to the musical profession.—The difficulties which have arisen in obtaining a charter for the new joint-stock company intended to resuscitate the fortunes of her Majesty's Theatre are removed.—Mrs. Fanny Kemble has just concluded a series of four Shaksperian readings before the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society. The plays selected were *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Hamlet*.—The *Journal des Débats* states that Madame Goldschmidt has promised to sing for the charities of Stockholm, at two oratorios to be given there in the Holy Week; the works selected being *St. Paul* and *The Messiah*.

The musical journals of Paris announce that a real success has been gained by *Marco Spada*, the new opera by MM. Scribe and Aubert.—M. Aubert, who has been appointed head of the Imperial Chapel in Paris, and Director of the Music to Napoleon the Third, is to furnish a wedding cantata for the ceremony to be held in Notre Dame.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES.

MR. JAMES NICHOL, of Edinburgh, is about to issue a new, splendid, and cheap edition of the *British Poets*, with prefaces and notes by the Rev. George Gilfillan. The first volume, including *Milton's Paradise Lost*, is already in the press.—Richard Hildreth, the historian, is preparing a "Theory of Politics," one of a series of works, of which the "Theory of Morals," published some eight years since, was the first.—The title of a new book just out is considered highly characteristic of the age of Napoleon III. It is called *The Art of Choosing Liveries in the Nineteenth Century*.—The *Constitutionnel* gives notice that it has suspended the publication of a romance in feuilleton

by M. Dumas, entitled *Isaac Laquedem*, or rather the portion of it which relates to the history of our Saviour. The truth is that the *Constitutionnel* has received notice from the Minister of Police that the portion of the romance in question was of immoral tendency and should not be proceeded with. Isaac Laquedem, the hero of the tale, is, in fact, that "Wandering Jew."—The severe measures which the Government of Baden has instituted against Gervinus's *Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century* have so heightened public interest in the book that a new edition has already become necessary.

The Royal University of Tubingen, Wirtemberg, has complimented our countryman, Spencer T. Hall, "the Sherwood Forester," with the Degrees of Doctor in Philosophy and Master of Arts, as an acknowledgement of his attainments in the Natural Sciences and in Literature. This happens at the same time as the appearance of his new work, *The Peak and the Plain*.—Dr. Vaughan, editor of the *British Quarterly*, and Principal of the Lancashire Independent College, has been delivering some lectures before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, "on the Early Asiatic Nations."—Dr. Albert Barnes, the distinguished American commentator, is at present in Berlin, threatened with loss of sight, the result of excessive study.—Professor David Masson, the newly-elected successor to Professor Clough in the chair of English Literature at the University of London, delivered a brilliant inaugural lecture on the 13th ult. before a large auditory. The lecture was an eloquent vindication of the dignity of the literary profession. The Professor was introduced by Mr. John Taylor, F.R.S. Treasurer of the University.—The King of Prussia has conferred the Order of Merit for Arts and Sciences on the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay and on Colonel Rawlinson.—Some of the friends of M. de Lamartine have proposed to raise a national subscription for the purpose of relieving him from his pecuniary embarrassments; but the poet has refused to accept anything in the shape of a gift.—The famous *patois* poet Jasmin, who has frequently, both by French and English critics, been compared to Burns, was requested by a committee at Shefford to send some verses to be read at the thirty-third anniversary festival in honour of the Scottish bard, January 25. Jasmin answered that his muse would be proud and happy to pay her tribute of admiration to Robert Burns, but that she could not do justice to the subject on so short a notice. He has promised to comply with the request of the committee before the thirty-fourth anniversary.

—At a meeting in Glasgow to get up a magnificent memorial fund for Mrs. Stowe, one of the speakers, Mr. Jeffrey, announced, amid loud applause, that he had received a letter from the agent of a bookselling firm in London, who had remitted 500*l.* to Mrs. Stowe, being part of their profits on *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, with a promise of ten per cent. on all future sales.—Mrs. Stowe is, it is said, about to visit this country with her husband. She has lately received a letter from Dr. Wardlaw, tendering her, in behalf of a number of ladies and gentlemen of Glasgow, an invitation to visit England at their expense. This invitation she has accepted, and she will soon leave the United States for Liverpool.

The University of Oxford have voted in Convocation the sum of 500*l.* as a donation to the funds of the great educational institute to be established as a testimonial to the Duke of Wellington, the late Chancellor of the University.—Vice-Chancellor Kindersley has refused the injunction applied for by Mr. Murray to restrain Mr. Bogue from publishing a handbook of Switzerland alleged to have been pirated from Murray's famous handbook. The Vice-Chancellor did not think Mr. Murray's book had been sufficiently used in the process of compiling the book published by Mr. Bogue to warrant him in restraining its sale; but he thought that Mr. Murray's was so far the better work that he need not fear the competition.—Mr. Phillimore, the well-known jurist, proposes in the coming session to move an address to Her Majesty praying that a commission be appointed to digest the law of England into a code.—Recent letters from Egypt report the discovery in that country of a buried city. It is alleged to be situated about five hours' journey from Cairo, near the first cataract.—A school of a new kind has been founded in Leipzig. The booksellers of that city have associated to institute a seminary for the forming of skilful assistants in all the different branches of their especial commerce. Indigent young men are to be admitted gratuitously; others to pay a small annual fee.—Mr. Whiston communicates to the press the particulars of the decisions recently made by the Dean and Chapter of Rochester in respect to the stipends of the cathedral scholars. The four students are to have 30*l.* 10*s.* each instead of the late allowance of 5*l.*; the twenty scholars, instead of the wretched pittance of 2*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* a year, are to have 16*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; the six bedesmen will receive 14*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* in place of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; the precentor and sacrist, instead of 40*s.* each, will be paid 10*l.* and 6*l.* respectively: the total additions amount to 442*l.* a year. This, as Mr. Whiston says, is a substantial beginning.—An interesting question of literary copyright has just been decided at the Palais de Justice. A society of musical composers brought actions against the managers of several theatres for introducing their songs into dramatic pieces. It ap-

pears that this has never hitherto been treated as an infringement of the copyright property. The Court of Première Instance, however, has ruled that the right of the musical composers to prohibit the practice was clear in point of law; but, considering this right has never been insisted upon, the theatres were justified in supposing themselves authorised to interpolate the songs in their plays, and they must be allowed to use them for three months longer, in order that they may have sufficient time to provide others.

DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCESS'S.—*St. Cupid; or, Dorothy's Fortune:* a Drama in three acts, by Mr. Douglas Jerrold.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—*The French Plays.* This time Jenkins is the only legitimate critic, for he has been specially appealed to. Audiences in the Rubens-room are commonly supposed to be either too well-bred, or too much straitened by the tight-lacing of etiquette, to express either praise or blame with the freedom which obtains among more mixed tribunals. *Nil admirari* is the motto there; and we must consequently suppose that Mr. Jerrold's probationary night passed off without those expressions of congratulation and enthusiasm which justly greet the efforts of that gentleman's ingenuity, whenever they are manifested to the public. The public, however (who for this time had to content itself with relics of a royal banquet), has since expressed its satisfaction with the piece, and its opinion that, "although a dainty dish to set before a queen," it is also a good substantial *pice de résistance* to set before a public. To say that the inherent deficiencies and beauties of Mr. Jerrold's style occur here, is to say what every one else says; the old defect of plot, the old string of brilliant epigrams, sparkling with the lustre of sunset diamonds. The plot, such as it is, is an old plot. We have the gallant young lover of high degree, who disposes himself to make love to the beauteous but lowly maiden; the inflexible uncle who refuses consent, and the provoking rival who stands in the way, down to the very end of the piece. Those who want further particulars must hear or read the play itself, for it is published even now. When we say that Mrs. Kean was charmingly gentle as *Dorothy Budd*; that Mr. Lacy was dashingly roguish as *Valentine Bellefleur*, the lover of high degree; that Harley was humorous as old *Dr. Budd*; and that Wright found a part suited to his peculiarities in *Queen Bee*, a fortune-telling Bohemian, we have said all that need be said about the personnel of the piece. Its success is unequivocal.

Indefatigable Mr. Mitchell offers us a splendid bill of fare for that dainty series of dramatic treats which he yearly provides at the St. James's. We are to have M. Ravel and Mlle. Lambert to begin with; Miles. Bertin, Luther, Emma Fleury, Page, and the justly celebrated Madeline Brohan, MM. Lafont, Leonard, and Regnier to follow; Rachel, too, is to be with us for twelve representations. Surely here are promises to satisfy the most exigent! The season commences this night; when *Un Monsieur qui suit les Femmes* (already imperfectly known to the English public under the title of *Kensington Gardens*) and *York; ou, une Récompense honnête*, will be given.

The "Press and Play" hubbub is well-nigh over, and already we hear nothing but the distant growlings of the storm. Gentlemen who have hitherto failed to exhibit any eminent talent for achieving success in their own line of business have obstructed their advice upon Mr. C. Mathews as to the management of his, and have met with a well-deserved rebuff. The line of argument adopted by some of our contemporaries is that the abolition of orders will have the effect of causing the persons of theatrical critics to be known to the managements; as if they were not already! Mr. Mathews, with very good judgment, and a considerate desire to serve that public whose favour only he has need to care about, has placarded an announcement that any servant of the theatre demanding a gratuity shall, upon information given, be immediately discharged.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR.—Reading in the last number of *THE CRITIC* a review of a work on Phrenology, wherein the science of phrenology is incidentally alluded to, brought to my recollection facts which lately occurred to myself, and which, I think, go far to establish the truth of the latter. The case was simply this—I lay ill of a fever, and could not sleep for the uncontrollable activity of my brain. Thoughts and sentiments came into my mind unbidden, and pertinaciously held my attention, until the copious application of cold water to my cranium: when my mind would wander to some other subject, which in its turn, under the influence of cold water, would yield to other reflections. Thus I made a series of experiments, which went further towards confirming my faith in the science of phrenology than all I have read on the subject.

I am Sir, yours, &c.,

December 4, 1852.

DICTIONARY AND DIRECTORY OF LIVING AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

[Authors and Artists will be supplied with Printed Forms for giving to us the necessary information, on application by letter to the Publisher. An Alphabetical Index of Names at the close of each volume, will supply the means of ready reference.]

BROWNE (ROBERT WILLIAM), M.A., F.G.S., Author, 1, Westbourne-street, Hyde-park-gardens, King's College, London, and Athenaeum Club. Member of the Ashmolean and Mathematical Societies of Oxford, and of the Council of Queen's College, London; Prebendary of St. Paul's; Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London; Chaplain to her Majesty's Forces, and to the Bishop of Lichfield. Born 1809. London. Elected scholar of St. John's College, Oxford, June 1827; fellow, 1830; double first-class, 1831; appointed tutor of St. John's College, 1831; curate of St. Michael's Oxford, 1833; professor of classical literature in King's College, London, 1835; curate of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, 1835; assistant preacher of Lincoln's-Inn, 1836; select preacher in the University of Oxford, 1839—40; chaplain to her Majesty's Forces, 1844; prebendary of St. Paul's, 1845. Married, 1839, Caroline Bradford, eldest daughter of Rev. Sir Charles Hardinge, Bart. of Boundes-park, Kent. Author of

A Translation, with Introduction and Notes, of the Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle. London: Bohn. A History of Classical Literature. London: Bentley. Latin Grammar for Ladies. London: Parker. King's College Classical Examination Questions. London: Parker. Histories of Greece and Rome, in Gleig's Educational Series. Tracts for Soldiers. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Contributed to *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*.

CARPENTER (JOSEPH EDWARDS), Author and Composer, No. 7, Mildmay-villas, Kingsland. Born in London November 2, 1813. Has published upwards of a thousand songs; gave musical lectures in the provinces in 1846. Chiefly known as "the Song Writer," but author of several acted farces, tales in magazines, and eight separate volumes. Published Beautiful Venice; Oak and the Ivy; Child and the Dew Drops; Have Faith in one another; and more than one thousand Songs, Duets, &c. Published separately, at Cocks's, Cramer's, Duff and Co.'s, Purday's, Addison's, and nearly every house in the music trade. Also of the following volumes:—

Random Rhymes; or, Lays of London: a small volume of Satirical Poems. 16mo. London: R. Willoughby. 1833. Lays for Light Hearts; and a few Songs and Poems. 16mo. London: J. Thomas. 1835. Minstrel Musins: Minor Poems. 1838. The Romance of the Dreamer, and other Poems. Fcp. 8vo. London: Orr and Co. 1841. Poor Law Rhymes: a pamphlet. London: Simpkin. 1839. Songs and Ballads, in Clark's Cabinet Series. 32mo. London: H. G. Clark. 1844. Poems and Lyrics, in Clark's Cabinet Series. 32mo. London: H. G. Clark. 1845. Lays and Legends of Fairy Land. Fcp. 8vo. London: Simpkin. 1849.

Contributed to *New Monthly Magazine*, *Ainsworth's Magazine*, *People's and Eliza Cook's Journal*; and many others during the last twenty years.

Sub-editor of the *Leamington Courier*, 1848—49; and joint editor of the *Leamington Magnet*, 1849; editor of the *Leamington Advertiser* (now discontinued), 1850. At Christmas 1852 produced a New Musical Lecture, "Scenes and Songs from Uncle Tom's Cabin," which, after running it successfully in London, he is now [1853] giving with great applause in the provinces.

DEANE (FRANCES), Authoress, Passy, Paris. Born at Greenwich, 1831. Published

The Jesuit Father: a Novel. 1852.

Contributor to *Eliza Cook's Journal*, *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, &c.

DODGSON (GEORGE), Artist, 18, Mornington-road, Regent's-park. Born at Liverpool, 1811; educated as an Engineer and Surveyor; began to study art about 1835; joined the New Water Colour Society in 1842; and in consequence of the laws being altered to the disadvantage of the new members, left it and joined the Old Water Colour Society in 1848.

Exhibited in the New Water Colour Society from 1842 to 1848; in the Old Water Colour Society from 1848 to present time:—subjects, principally compositions of architecture, landscapes, and figures.

Many, but small, principally book illustrations.

EVANS (DANIEL SILVAN), Author, Llandegwyn, engaged as editor of a new literary periodical, to appear January 1, 1852.

Pwllheli, Carnarvonshire, Clergyman, Secretary for the Welsh department of the Historical Institute of Wales. Born Jan. 11, 1818, at Llanarth, near Aberaeron, Cardiganshire; sent to Neuaddlwyd School, May 1835; entered Brecon College, Dec. 9, 1840; entered St. David's College, Lampeter, March 2, 1846; appointed Welsh Lecturer, March 2, 1848; ordained deacon, Dec. 17, 1848; and priest, Dec. 23, 1849. Married, Feb. 16, 1846, Margaret, daughter of W. Walters, Esq. of Hendrev, Cardiganshire. Author of

Emynau (Poetry). 32mo. Llanelli. 1840.

Blodau Jeuneau (Poems). 12mo. Aberystwith. 1843. Telyngau (Poems). 16mo. London. 1846.

Eifennau Gallofylfaeth. 16mo. Denbigh. 1850.

Eifennau Seryddiaeth. 16mo. Denbigh. 1851.

English and Welsh Dictionary. 8vo. Vol. I. Denbigh. 1852. Vol. II. in the press.

Translation of Dr. Adam Clarke's Commentary into Welsh. Now in course of publication. 8vo. Llanvilynn. (All are published by Hughes and Butler, 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London.)

A new edition of the Bardd Cwsg, with notes, 12mo. Carmarthen. 1853.

Contributed to most of the Welsh Periodicals, especially: *Seren Gomer*, *Seren Cymru*, *Cymro*, *Hawl*, *Cwmwl*, and *Esgysysedd*. One of the editors of the *Encyclopædia Cambrensis*.

GORDON (ALEXANDER), Author, Walsall, Staffordshire, Protestant Dissenting Minister. Born in the parish of Cabrach, Banffshire, N.B., 1808; educated at King's College, Aberdeen; graduated M.A. 1836; studied theology under Dr. Wardlaw, in Glasgow, 1837—9; settled as Dissenting Minister in Londonderry, 1841; removed to Walsall, Staffordshire, 1846. Married, 1842, Margaret, daughter of the late Lewis

Cumming Humphray, Esq., of Rawick, Shetland, N.B. Published

The Spiritual and Financial Economy of Christ's Kingdom, considered and explained. 1844. London: Snow. A pamphlet on the Obstructive Cause of Protestantism in Ireland. 1846. London: Snow.

The Pastor's Gift; or, a Manual of Pastoral Instruction, in Letters from a Pastor to his Flock. 1848. London: Snow.

Impressions of Paris; containing an account of Socialism, Popery, and Protestantism, in the French Capital, together with brief Sketches of Historical Scenes. London: Partridge and Oakley. 1851.

Contributed some articles to *The Eclectic Review*, and various newspapers and magazines; several brief critical articles on Biblical literature to *Kitto's Journal of Sacred Literature*.

Has written various *Tracts* on religious subjects.

HOOK (WALTER FARQUHAR), Author, Vicarage, Leeds, Clergyman. Born in London, March 13, 1798; son of James Hook, LL.D., F.R.S., Dean of Worcester, and of Ann, second daughter of Sir Walter Farquhar, Bart. Educated at Winchester School; a Student of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1817; graduated in 1820; took D.D. degree in 1838; ordained to the Curacy of Whittingham, Isle of Wight, 1821; Curate of Mosley and St. Philip's, Birmingham, 1827; Chaplain to the King, 1827; Vicar of Trinity Parish, Coventry, 1828; married Anna Delicia, daughter of Dr. John Johnstone, of Galabank, N.B., 1829; Vicar of Leeds, 1837. Author of

The Last Days of our Lord's Ministry, 1832. Fifth Edition, 1851. London: Longmans.

Sermons before the University of Oxford, 1837. Third Edition, 1847. London: Bell.

A Call to Union on the Principles of the English Reformation, 1838. Fourth Edition, 1840. London: Rivingtons.

On the Athanasian Creed, 1838. Fourth Edition, 1840. Oxford: Talboys.

A Church Dictionary, 1840. Sixth Edition, 1852. London: Murray.

On the Means of rendering more Efficient the Education of the People, 1846. Tenth Edition, 1850. London: Murray.

The Three Reformations: Lutheran, Roman, and Anglican, 1846. Third Edition, 1847. London: Murray.

Nonentity of Romish Saints, 1847. Third edition, 1850. London: Murray.

Sermons on various Subjects, 1840. Second Edition, 1841.

Sermons on the Miracles of our Lord, 1849.

An Ecclesiastical Biography, containing the Lives of the Fathers and Modern Divines, and forming a complete Ecclesiastical History, in nine volumes. 1852. London: Rivingtons. Leeds: Harrison.

Various single Sermons, printed in various years, and bound together.

Editor of *The Devotional Library*. London: Bell. Leeds: Slocumb.

JONES (OWEN), Author, Translator, and Editor, 13, Berwick-street, Manchester, Minister of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, Grosvenor-square, Manchester. Born August 7, 1806, in the parish of Llanfihangel Ygafieg, Anglesey; had a little education at a village school in Llanfihangel, through the munificence of R. Roberts, Esq., Plas Llanfihangel, his parents being poor and almost illiterate. In the year 1828 entered the Ministry in connection with the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. Married, in 1830, Ellen, daughter of Mr. Richard Rowlands, Farmer, Bryn Mawr, near Beaumaris, Anglesey. Is now engaged in writing a Topographical Dictionary of Wales in the Welsh Language, more complete and extensive than any hitherto published.

A Critical Commentary on the Holy Scriptures. In 3 vols. 18mo. Second Edition, 1 vol. small fol. Mold, Flintshire: H. and O. Jones. 1842.

Lectures on the History of Wales. 12mo. Pwllheli. 1851.

Translations of Barr's Scripture Students' Guide. Denbigh: Gee. 1 vol. 12mo. 1835.

Dr. Owen on the Spirit. Mold: Jones. 1 vol. 12mo. 1840.

Charnock on the Divine Attributes. Mold: Jones. 1 vol. royal 8vo. 1844.

Patterson's Concise System of Theology. Liverpool: E. Jones. 1 vol. 12mo. 1848.

Noel's Essay on the Union of Church and State. Liverpool: Jones. 8vo. 1850. And a score of other small works.

Universal Biographical Dictionary in Welsh. Thick 8vo. Carnarvon: Owens.

Contributor to: *Chambers's Information for the People*.

Pwllheli: Edwards, &c.; the *Amserau* newspaper, Liverpool; the *Cyfaliwr o Hen Wlad*, a Welsh Magazine, published in New York; the *Carnarvon Herald* newspaper; the *Dyرسor*, or Welsh Magazine. London: Evans, Holwell, &c.

Editor of the *Cynnwysydd*, a Literary and Religious Journal, published by Lloyd, at Mold, about the year 1833—4, and several Temperance Periodicals published in Wales.

ROKE (GEORGE COLWELL), Author, Newmarket, Cambridgeshire, Assistant Clerk to Magistrates, and Managing Clerk of the firm of Messrs. Isaacson, Gillson, and Button, Solicitors. Born in 1821, at St. Columb Major, Cornwall. Author of

The Magisterial Synopsis. Three editions. First and second, 1848; Third, 1851. 8vo. Fourth Edition in the press.

The Magisterial Formulist. Svo. 1850.

An Improved System of Solicitors' Book-keeping. 8vo. 1849. London: Butterworths.

Contributor to local newspapers and magisterial journals; author of various papers containing Practical Suggestions for improving and facilitating Magistrates' Duties out of Session, as well as on current measures before Parliament on the same subject.

PARRY (EDWARD) Editor, Author, and Publisher, Chester. Member of the Archaeological and Historic Society of Chester. Born in Newmarket, Flintshire, 1798. Retired from business, 1851. Editor, Proprietor, and Publisher of

The *Gwladgarwr* (Patriot), a Welsh miscellany of useful knowledge and general literature. 5 vols. royal 8vo. Chester: Parry; London: Simpkin and Co.

Author of the following Works:

Prize Essay on the History of the Flintshire Castles, medal awarded at the Royal Denbigh Eisteddfod, 1828.

size Essay (in Welsh) on the Union of England with Wales, and the good result that followed. Medal awarded at the Tegeingol Eisteddfod in 1829; and four others at various Eisteddfods from 1824 to 1832, for which he received silver medals.

Panorama of the City of Chester, including an account of its Antiquities, &c. &c. illustrated with plates, plan of the town, &c. 12mo. cloth.—Second Edition, 1843.

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London: GEORGE COX, 18, King-street, Covent-garden.

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